THE WIZARD *of* DEVON

A recent photograph of the Wizard.

Cruft's Dog Show at Islington suggested the line of thought for this little chat. After my arrival in Piccadilly a few years ago, a well-known English Countess wrote: "Dear Mr. Hurcomb, my sister, Lady——, tells me that you are a Wizard, and when Scotland Yard fails you succeed.

"Five months ago his Lordship visited Cruft's Dog Show, and when near the Angel, Islington, a pick-pocket stole his watch and chain. The watch was the first gold keyless repeater ever made; it was exhibited and purchased at the Great Exhibition in 1851. His Lordship is very distressed at his loss. Will you please try to recover them?" I replied and thanked the Countess for her TRIBUTE, and definitely stated that the watch should be restored in seven months' time, but could never recover the chain.

When the time mentioned had elapsed I beat Scotland Yard, found the watch at an auctioneer's near the Garrick Club, and secured it. In acknowledging its receipt her Ladyship wired: "It is the long-lost darling; letter follows." I have sold thousands of pounds worth of jewels since for that lady and her family, one ring alone reaching £2,100 at auction. Some time ago I was asked to value at a lawyer's office in Bedford Row property for estate duty, the value being £999. But among the jewels were two sections of a snap of a pearl necklace, with two fine pearls on each section only. I am not a spiritualist, but something prompted me to say, "Where are the pearls belonging to the snaps, because if found the necklace would be worth £25,000? I have a presentiment that the old lady may have hidden them away." (She was rather eccentric and over ninety years of age when she died.) The Lawyer said, "I have no knowledge of them, but when my Co-Trustee comes I will ask him." At that moment Colonel —— was announced. "Well, Overwood," said he to the lawyer, after being told what I had said. "Only last night my wife and I were going over the old lady's papers and found an account for stringing a row of pearls in the year 1863. We will find those pearls or I'll eat my hat." We went to a bank not far from St. James's Square, where the old lady used to bank, and found plenty of jewels, but no pearls. Later, in the manager's room, in the presence of the Lawyer, the Colonel had a brain wave. "I've got it, Overwood. Don't you remember Martha, the maid, once telling us that my Aunt used to hide all her best jewels in the cellar under the coals? Let us go down to Chislehurst to-morrow and turn over the coals till we find the pearls."

The Lawyer raised no objection, so off they went. I was at Bedford Row the next day, when Mr. Overwood, cool and dignified, produced a rusty old deed box tied up with a dirty bit of rope. I was asked to untie the rope, and when the lid was raised a collection of beautiful jewels was exposed to view such as I had never seen before. THE PEARLS were there, which I valued at £22,000. Of course, I received a nice fee for supplying the clue.

For 21s. two of my representatives—one with a knowledge of Plate and Jewels, and the other Pictures, Porcelain, Old Furniture, Objects of Art, &c.—will call and impart all the information they can, and, if necessary, bring the jewels and silver away in the car.

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Correspondence

The Myth of "Hands Across the Sea"

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Just as your correspondent rightly criticizes the detestable and unjustifiable comments on this country in the Hearst Press, I claim the same right to criticize his comments on America.

"Incompatibility" is not a ground for divorce in California, nor in any other State of the Union, though it is frequently so stated over here.

Lord Bryce's statements (which he repeated to me) as to the high standard of domestic morality in America, he says, are "simply ludicrous." Let those having an adequate knowledge of American life judge between him, unreliable marriage statistics, and Lord Bryce.

I have heard nearly all the distinguished men who have ever addressed The Pilgrims. To describe the speech of any one of them as "cringing" is simply comic.

The proportion of black or coloured races to whites in the British Empire is far greater than in the U.S. and its possessions.

Slavery was not entirely abolished in *British possessions* till 1838. Some of the Northern States of the U.S. began to abolish it in 1777, and the rest did so by 1804. It took years and a dread war to force the Southern States to do so.

All the Allies have said, "We won the war." Truly, they *all* did; no one of them could have accomplished it alone. All have "lectured" the others. America "deserted" nobody either during or after the war.

Mr. Wilson had no power to bind his country at Paris, as was well known to the statesmen with whom he negotiated. He refused to listen to his advisers or to public sentiment. It is not true to say that the "majority endorsed his policy until his final overthrow." The exact opposite is the case. His defiance of the majority opinion led to defeat by the largest vote ever cast against a Presidential candidate.

As to the loan (a considerable part being made *after the war*), it is absurd to say that America was merely *borrowing from herself* the money loaned to the Allies. The money (or funds to replace it) was borrowed from the purchasers of U.S. bonds, which contain a promise to repay the lenders *with* 4¼ *per cent. interest*, and they will be repaid. This money she agreed England should repay *with* 3 *per cent. interest* for ten and 3⅛ *per cent.* for fifty-two years. And yet we are told this was on a "strictly commercial basis!" Was this also the basis on which she renounced all claim to indemnity and territory, and individuals spent many millions to save starving allies before and since she entered the war?

I commend to him the words of the Prime Minister: "a complete understanding between individuals is difficult. How often it may be disturbed by chance words breathed by strangers of what they have overheard. How much more with nations."

I agree with Mr. Baldwin that all, in both our countries, should avoid irritating expressions. This attributing unworthy "boasting" to one's best friend (as surely each country is to the other) serves the interest of neither, and, I repeat, leads us nowhere, except into the bog of distrust, suspicion, and ill-will—the place where our respective enemies wish to land us. Let us keep out of it!

There is an Arab proverb which says: "He who is always finding fault with his friends will soon have no friends to find fault with!"

March 15, 1926. AN AMERICAN.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
APRIL, 1926

Current Comments

THE crowded interest of the past month is reflected in our articles on Geneva, on National Expenditure, and on the Coal Report. A puzzled public, so lately called upon to acclaim Locarno as the prologue to the millennium, has seen the unedifying spectacle of all its political curs yapping at the Foreign Secretary for a failure largely of their own making. The Geneva deadlock was hysterically and absurdly represented as a "tragedy." Why? One essential purpose of the Conference has, in fact, been achieved. It was to establish working relations between Germany and Poland within the League. If the breakdown was necessary to make it clear to the world that without such close co-operation between these two the League could not function, it will have served a useful purpose. The appointment of a Commission, in which both Germany and Poland will be represented, to examine the composition of the League Council has ensured this chance of co-operation. If it should fail to result in agreement, it is certain that the election of Germany and the exclusion of Poland would equally have proved abortive. But the breakdown at Geneva will have other valuable results. It will go far to induce a saner attitude toward the League. While probably the majority of the public have regarded it with indifference, a very vocal minority have, as Mr. Tower points out, made of it a sort of Mumbo-Jumbo which, in response to their daily incantations, would save its worshippers from the dangers of war. The deadlock and the action of Brazil have made it clear that purely European interests cannot safely be entrusted to an unwieldy body whose decisions may be upset, or even influenced, by a remote South American State incapable of playing any other effective part in European affairs. *Per contra* the Monroe Doctrine precludes interference in American affairs.

The Ides of March

As a clearing-house for the exchange of views and the settlement of accounts between the European nations, the League may, perhaps, develop into a workable institution. It may help the great Powers to keep the

peace amongst themselves and lead to judicial settlement of quarrels between the smaller nations, enforced, if necessary, by the greater.

If the Commission (now appointed to examine its future constitution) evolves a plan with these objects in view, the "tragedy" of Geneva will prove the value of Sir Austen Chamberlain's work at Locarno and since to have been greater even than his critics realized.

Our New Rulers

MR. ESMOND HARMSWORTH'S article very lucidly shows that, not only the electorate, but Parliament itself, is losing its grip on national expenditure. Another of those great shiftings of power in the State, which Disraeli noted, is in rapid progress, this time toward bureaucracy. Against the massed might of the "Departments" transient ministers and politicians, all, as Mr. Churchill shrewdly reminded them, with an anxious eye on the multifarious demands of their constituents, protest as ineffectually as waves beat against a rock. Succeeding Governments, outbidding each other for votes by costly and complicated measures of "social reform," have gradually created a vast State machine which promises to become a Frankenstein monster utterly beyond their control. Like a trained elephant, it may allow them to sit on its head and pretend to direct it, but, in fact, it can no more be effectively coerced than the mahout could hurt his elephant with a stick. One almost sympathizes with Mr. Churchill. It is quite clear that some one of much sterner stuff is needed to enforce economy. And it is doubtful if any individual as Chancellor could substantially succeed. It is noteworthy that, when the other day M. Caillaux was offered the Ministry of Finance, he refused on the ground that he would need also the double authority of the premiership.

When and how is the tide of advancing expenditure to be stopped? Not by the Economy Bill. Already it is announced that the Government want to adopt all the recommendations of the Coal Report. These alone, directly and indirectly, would probably swamp all Mr. Churchill's little savings. The country will not long remain satisfied with a relatively attenuated air service. The social reformers will continue to pave the road to the millennium with what is left of the nation's gold. Chancellors will

soon plaintively announce that if they cannot "stabilize" at £800,000,000, at least they hope to keep below £900,000,000. And yet it is obvious that this process cannot indefinitely be continued. Even the one substantial saving which would accrue from consolidation of the National Debt at lower rates of interest can hardly be realized until our national finances are placed upon a much healthier basis.

It is difficult to take a hopeful view of our situation. There are only two possible solutions. Either a herculean effort by a united Cabinet who would ruthlessly cut expenditure by £50,000,000 for two years in succession, and then probably be able to save another £50,000,000 by conversion of debt at lower rates; or a gradual increase of the burden for many years until a fatal last straw, threatening to break the nation's back, produces a revolt and another shifting of power from bureaucracy to autocracy. There is no alternative. In the last economy debate the honours seem to have been awarded to Mr. Neville Chamberlain for his defence of Mr. Churchill's contention that economy is really impossible! It was a speech of great ability—clear, convincing, and conclusive. Bureaucracy and social reform seem to be safe for a generation—unless, perhaps, a Socialist Government forces the pace.

"The Good Samaritan"

WHEN, in January 1925, we published an article on "America and Interallied Debts," many Americans took us severely to task. In an article, "Shylock Defends Himself," which we published in May 1925 in accordance with our rule of *audi alteram partem*, it was naïvely claimed that America had played the part of the Good Samaritan to an impoverished Europe.

A correspondent in this number, a distinguished American resident in London, deprecates such plain-spoken comment on Anglo-American relations as was made in an article published last December by Dr. Harrison, "The Myth of Hands Across the Sea." Both of these articles disclaimed any desire to embitter relations between the two great English-speaking countries, and the former expressly attributed the unfortunate official attitude of America to the degeneration of politics in that country into a sordid game in which the professional politician had almost completely eliminated the more

respectable elements of the community. If the directors of a company conduct its affairs discreditably, it is futile, although probably quite true, to urge that its list of shareholders includes many men worthy of the highest respect. Such, in fact, is the unhappy position of that considerable element of worthy American citizens to-day who must deplore the rapidly falling estimation in which their country is held abroad. They are hopelessly swamped by a vastly greater number of an uninformed electorate indifferent to, as ignorant of, any aspect of international politics beyond their parochial or provincial ken. Thus the entire political machine has fallen an easy prey to that parasitical fungus of democracy, the professional politician. Devoid of principle, insensible to any conception of honour, and with a single eye to the material advantages of election by pandering to the lower instincts of the ignorant majority, he may be trusted to pursue his mean ends with a success measured by his own baseness and the shame of his reputable countrymen. In her mercenary attitude toward her European allies in the matter of their war debts it appeared that America had "touched bottom." But the civilized world has learned with amazement that depths of gross materialism were still unplumbed.

Nine years after the last ship carrying American supplies to our enemies was intercepted, according to the historic rules of war, the American Government proposes to claim from us the profits which her nationals hoped to realize upon such contraband cargoes. Just as she conveniently ignores the unpaid and repudiated debts of some of her States when claiming her pound of flesh from her allies, so America forgets her own action in seizing cargoes in British ships during her own Civil War. Her entry into the great war, shamefully belated as it was, renders her present claim grotesque. It outShylocks Shylock. It is the more nauseous in view of the insufferable assumption of moral superiority which characterizes the American attitude toward Europe; and the canting insinuation that, since European resources are destined to be devoted sooner or later to another war, they had better be transferred for a few generations to God's own country, which alone can be trusted to enjoy them and put them out to usury.

The first published intimation of this latest American enormity was connected with the name of Senator Borah, who periodically emits some 200 per cent. American bluster calculated to sustain his reputation as "rude Boreas." It is now, however, known, notwithstanding what is quaintly described as a "Gentleman's Agreement", following America's entry into the war, that nothing more would be heard of these claims, that the State Department has been quietly preparing its schedules with a view to their sudden presentation to the British Government; presumably at a moment when either at a Disarmament Conference, at which England might be bluffed into accepting further reductions relatively to America, or on the eve of a presidential election they would best serve a political purpose. It is therefore clear that Mr. Coolidge has throughout been fully apprised of the plan which thus assumes a more serious aspect.

We have not criticized the settlement of our debt to America. It preserved our dignity at a high price in cash for which America sold hers. We have, however, been culpably weak in our concessions to America at the Washington Naval Conference and in China. It is incredible that we shall submit to any further blackmail by this international bully. There is an old saying that it takes two to make a bargain. Our statesmen will do well to remember that it takes two gentlemen to make a "Gentleman's Agreement."

The Troubles of a Chancellor

A SPECIAL brand of sympathetic ink should be on sale at this time of the year for the use of those who have to write of Mr. Churchill and his second Budget. He is so unhappy about it, and he is constitutionally so incapable of concealing his unhappiness. Last year it was very different. Then he gratified his new political friends with sixpence off the income-tax and dished the Labour Party with his scheme for contributory widows' and old-age pensions. Now he must wish that he had done neither of these things. As he acidly explained to a deputation from the Federation of British Industries—who came to worry him about reducing the tax burdens on industry—that sixpence will cost him thirty-two millions during the coming year, and seven millions more will be reft from him by the concessions upon earned

incomes. And those new pensions will cost the State four millions and cancel out the automatic saving of a similar sum on War Pensions. So he faces the blasts of the immediate future shorn of forty-three millions of warm financial clothing. And then, though Mr. Churchill did not with the F.B.I. deputation touch upon this painful topic, the coal subsidy cost him nineteen millions not allowed for in his Budget, and will certainly cost him four millions in the coming year—and maybe, much more. It is all most distressing, the more so because a year ago Mr. Churchill was highly pleased with himself as a Heaven-born Chancellor.

He recently took all of us into his confidence and showed how, by leaving out the coal subsidy and ignoring supplementary estimates, his first Budget would work out quite nicely with a surplus of a million. But it really won't do. We have never, luckily for us, in this country accepted the Continental system of covering up deficits in ordinary and extraordinary budgets. Under this accommodating system one makes Budget Ordinary balance, and says as little as possible about Budget Extra-Ordinary, which has a yawning deficit. The Chancellor must stick to the good old British method—stupid, perhaps, yet honest—of one Budget, with the incomings on one side, and all the outgoings on the other side, whatever they may be. Mr. Churchill's first Budget, as amended by misfortune and Departmental expenditure, may be expected to show a deficit of some twenty-seven or twenty-eight millions, if all the money voted is spent and all the revenue expected comes in. If, as has often happened with our ingenuous post-war Budgets, expenditure is held back until after the close of the financial year, then the deficit may appear to be less. But it will be there all the same, glowering nastily behind the scenes.

His Second Budget

Mr. Churchill's second Budget, which he must produce about April 26, will be very unlike that first bouncing bantling of a year ago. There will be no income-tax to remit, and few sheaves to be garnered as spoils of the Economy campaign. Two months ago, at Leeds, the Chancellor led us to expect that something in the way of economy would really be achieved this time. We were mildly sceptical, yet wished

him all success in his endeavours. We now have the net result, which is an increase in estimated expenditure for the coming year of eight millions without the coal subsidy —and of twelve millions with the coal subsidy—as compared with the estimates of a year ago. Things would have been worse, it is true, without the Economy Bill which, chiefly through cutting down the State contributions to Health and Unemployment Insurance funds, reckons to save the Exchequer from eight to ten millions. But the four millions pared laboriously off Army and Navy estimates are offset by an increase of more than eight millions in the Civil Service estimates, even after giving full anticipatory effect to the Economy Bill. The irrepressible education votes are up by four millions, and old age pensions by nearly two millions. As compared with the total expenditure for the present year, including supplementaries, there is an alleged saving in sight, but every year has its supplementary estimates, and the only satisfactory way to judge how we stand is to compare the estimates of one Budget with the estimates of the previous Budget. On this basis there is an increase for the coming year in expenditure of eight millions.

800-million Budgets

SEVERAL years ago, at a time when we were in the full flood of post-war cleaning up Budgets of immense figures, Mr. Chancellor Austen Chamberlain flourished before our fascinated and envious eyes a hypothetical "normal" Budget to which we might attain some day, if we were good. The expenditure was put at 800 millions and then looked too small to be true. But now that we have got down to the 800-millions Budget, and appear just about to use it as a stepping-stone to higher things and figures, it looks quite as big a thing as we can manage to swallow. Mr. Churchill's first Budget was nominally 797 millions, and ultimately 825 millions, when the coal subsidy and the supplementary estimates had been added in. His second Budget looks like 809 millions, allowing four millions for the coal subsidy. This sort of thing will not do. However great the difficulties may be, we must regard 800 millions as a monstrous abnormity, and not as the minimum which it has become. The difficulties are very great. Those who so often speak or write of the burdens

of income-tax on industry, by drying up reserves and restricting the flow of fresh capital, will not face squarely the burden of the Debt. The service of that Debt still takes, after handsome reductions, 355 millions a year and absorbs the whole revenue from income-tax and super-tax. We cannot get that dead-weight cost down, save by paying off debt, or by converting loans at lower rates of interest. Just now the interest charges on the floating debt are increasing. So far as the cost of carrying on the country is concerned, we have to do not with 800 millions of revenue, but with less than 450 millions. It is by facing the facts in this way that the immense difficulties of large economies are seen—unless we agree to cut far more heavily than any Chancellor has yet dared to do into defence, education, and social services. And so far, those who have been willing to cut under one or two of these heads have always wished to expand on the third.

No Irish Appeals to the Privy Council

THE recent discussion in the House of Lords on the action of the Free State Government in attempting to deprive British subjects in the Irish Free State of their right to appeal from decisions of the Supreme Court in that country to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in London has focused public attention on the separatist intentions of that Government, and emphasizes the hollowness of the protestations of amity and good-will written on the face of the agreement of December 3 last. By their acts and not by their words must governments be judged. Since the agreement, in addition to their activities on the question of the right of appeal, Mr. Cosgrave and his Government have been forcing through legislation establishing a new silver and bronze coinage in the Free State, the object of which obviously is to banish the last emblem of the King in that part of the Empire, while Mr. Desmond FitzGerald, Minister for Foreign Affairs, has been trying to prove that the Free State is no longer part of the British Empire.

The right of appeal is the sheet-anchor of the rights of British subjects in the Free State, and when the Irish Constitution Bill was before the House of Commons, the Attorney-General of the day gave assurances that this right was fully safeguarded both by the Treaty and

the Constitution. It is well to bear in mind the words of the Treaty. Article 2 provides that "the law, practice, and constitutional usage governing the relationship of the Crown or the representative of the Crown and of the Imperial Parliament to the Dominion of Canada, shall govern their relationship to the Irish Free State." The proviso to Article 66 of the Constitution itself enacts that, "nothing in this Constitution shall impair the right of any person to petition His Majesty for special leave to appeal from the Supreme Court to His Majesty in Council, or the right of His Majesty to grant such leave."

A New Coinage

THE legislation establishing a new coinage is a most unfortunate step in the separatist course of the Free State Government. It can only be regarded as a political move to emphasize the aloofness of the Free State from all that the Empire cherishes. The small immediate gain from minting coins of a lower material worth than their face value will be more than counterbalanced by the losses and inconvenience which will inevitably follow the introduction of the new coinage. A silver and copper currency must be based on some definite standard, and the British Treasury could hardly permit the depreciated Free State currency to be bolstered up by British gold. Whatever may be Mr. Blythe's intention, it is obvious that his new coinage will have to be backed by either gold or paper. As he has no gold reserve, he will be forced to issue paper, and Free State bank-notes will depreciate from the moment they are issued. In addition, the new coinage must lead to much confusion and inconvenience on the border, and create another barrier between North and South.

Add to this the removal of the King's head from all stamps; the substitution of the Republican flag for the Union Jack, and of "The Soldiers' Song" for the National Anthem; the removal of the Royal Arms from the Courts of Justice, and the omission of His Majesty's name in the exercise of Executive authority, as in judicial procedure; and the studied disloyalty of the Free State Government, with its determination to sever the last link which binds the Free State to Great Britain and the Empire, is clearly revealed.

Common Sense and the League of Nations

THE results of the Special Assembly of the League of Nations have gone far to justify that not inconsiderable body of opinion which has long had an uneasy feeling that the League as at present constituted might well be the cause of the next European war. The League of Nations is unquestionably more dangerous for this country than for any other nation, since it is only on this side of the Channel that the injunction, "Love your enemies," has been perverted into "Love your enemies better than your friends." This passion for favouring an enemy at a friend's expense inspires the attitude of many Liberals and Socialists, and it made itself seriously manifest in the efforts made by the League of Nations Union to force Sir Austen Chamberlain's hand. All the propaganda of that Union was directed to securing the admission of Germany as a permanent member of the League with something more than the joy which is felt in Heaven for the one sinner that repenteth; indeed, the joy was so excessive that it sought to bar from the bliss of League membership one of the just who had no need for repentance, in other words, Poland. Very fortunately Sir Austen remembered that the just could not be ignored, and that the point of view of France could not be overlooked any more than the part which she played in the war. Consequently an arrangement which satisfied both France and Poland was reached with the consent of Germany. It was Brazil, a power with only indirect interests in European affairs, which, by a lawful exercise of her rights, defeated the compromise accepted by the powers which signed the Locarno Pact. Thereby she gave this country an admirable object-lesson of the way in which the League might act in any crisis of serious moment and reduced the propaganda of the League of Nations' Union to absurdity.

Brazil's Motive

THERE has been much speculation as to the motives which influenced Brazil in declaring that Germany should not become a permanent member of the League unless she was also admitted to the same privilege. The most piquant explanation came from a source singularly well-informed on American politics. It was suggested that Brazil was unofficially assured of the support of the United States in

her attitude, and this idea received some support from the report current in certain circles in London at the moment when Brazil came forward, that she had privately informed the United States that she would voluntarily vacate the permanent seat in favour of the United States if that power joined the League. Elsewhere it was hinted that the Vatican or Italy, or even Germany herself, had decided Brazil to take a course which was, after all, absolutely within her rights.

In diplomacy it is usual to look for noon at four o'clock, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that Brazil simply wanted to impress upon the world the existence of America as an important factor in European affairs.

Her decision has had two good effects. In the first place all the powers concerned are agreed that no advantage arising out of the Locarno Pact has been lost. In the second, a great step has been taken towards demonstrating to the average English citizen the limitations of the League of Nations. A study of Colonel House's book shows that the war might easily have been brought to an inconclusive ending by the sentimentalism which lies at the basis of the League in its present form. By ignoring facts and finding a formula it might have been possible to reconcile for a very short period the two utterly opposed philosophies which were at death-grips, but by this time such a reconciliation would have been succeeded by a second universal war. Similarly the deadly peril of the League of Nations as it is to-day is that it seems to the sentimentalists an excuse for neglecting that armament of the nation which is the only insurance against the risks of war that humanity has been able to discover, and for disregarding the claims of those international friendships which have not only been forced upon us by material necessity, but have also become a question of honour, since they have been cemented on the field of battle.

State Governors in Australia

MR. AMERY has told the Labour Premiers of the Australian States that, for the time being, there can be no departure from the present system of appointing Governors. The abolition of the "imported Governor" has been a standing dish in the policy of Australian Labour for years past, and when the

State Premiers met for their annual conference last year, they drew up a memorial, asking the Imperial authorities that in future only Australian citizens should be appointed as King's representatives in each State. The memorial was signed by all the States except Victoria—the only State in the Commonwealth where Labour is not in power. Apparently Mr. Amery's view is that the suggested change cannot be made while there is such plain evidence of wide differences of opinion, and the reply of the Dominions Office stipulates that "the Imperial authorities do not intend to depart from the position taken up last year, when it was announced that they could only agree to an alteration of system if the States concerned unanimously expressed a desire in that direction."

It is important to note that the differences of opinion are not merely as between State and State, for even in those States where Labour rules there is a very strong section of public opinion that is all against the appointment of "local" Governors. It is held—and with some justification—that a Governor who has lived all his life in Melbourne or Sydney, and who in all probability has been closely identified with public life in Victoria or New South Wales, would find it difficult in moments of crisis to preserve the unbiased judgment of the man who has come to his task unfettered by considerations of prejudice or personality. There is, moreover, the fact that the sentimental bond which helps to tie the loyalties of the oversea Dominions to the Crown is undoubtedly helped when the King's representative is sent as a kind of ambassador from the Mother Country. The cause of Labour has scarcely been helped by the unedifying attacks made upon Sir Dudley de Chair, the Governor of the State, by Mr. Lang, the Premier of New South Wales. Mr. Lang has attempted to paint the Governor's refusal to swamp the already-packed Legislative Council with fresh batches of members (in order to bring about its political suicide) as a species of plot dictated by Downing Street and calculated to destroy the self-governing liberty of the State. But there is not a shadow of doubt that the New South Wales elector realizes that the Governor's real aim has been to protect the Constitution (and the electorate) against a sweeping change that has never been submitted to the voters.

West Indian Unity

JUST as the heavy clouds of international politics occasionally obscure Imperial affairs, so do the politics of the great Dominions overshadow the progress of our Crown Colonies. And with an Imperial Conference already looming on the horizon, it is possible that the British public will overlook the importance of a small but very significant meeting which is to be held in London next month. The West Indian Colonies, British Guiana, and British Honduras have all been asked to appoint representatives to consider and report upon the desirability of setting up a Standing Conference, with a permanent secretariat, to deal in a consultative and an advisory capacity with matters of common concern to all the Colonies. Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbados, Grenada, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, the Leeward Islands, the Bahamas, British Guiana, and British Honduras have accepted the invitation, and their representatives will include both official and unofficial members of their Legislative Councils. Of course, there is no thought at the moment of urging any rigid scheme of constitutional federation upon the peoples of the several Colonies, but there cannot be any doubt that—as in East Africa—some degree of co-operation would be all to the good. It is incredible, for instance, that a small community of fewer than 150,000 people in the Leeward Islands should continue to support six executive Councils and five Legislatures. Inter-island communications and improvement in mail, steamship, cable and wireless services—these are the pressing needs of the hospitable islands which lie strung like a precious necklace across the Caribbean Sea. They can best be obtained by unity, and if there remain practical difficulties in the way of closer federation (chief among them being the very proper pride of each community in its own individuality), there were much more serious obstacles to the federation of greater and more diverse communities in Canada in 1867, in Australia in 1901, and in South Africa in 1910.

Diehard Bumbledom

WHILE the Government can find time for a Bill to regulate the status of foster-children, which proved in committee to raise many complicated and controversial problems not adequately thought out, they unaccountably fail to

deal with a number of minor grievances and irritations as to which the whole common sense of the nation is agreed.

Nearly all the provisions of D.O.R.A. should be swept away, having no relation whatever to present conditions. Sir W. Joynson-Hicks simply makes himself ridiculous by the pompous declaration that "The Government had not had what, in their opinion, was sufficient evidence that on the whole there was a public demand for the removal of the restrictions (on the purchase of cigarettes and matches after 8 p.m.). The Government would not be prepared to do that without making full inquiry, and it was *too big a question to be considered this year*." The matter is, in fact, such a small one, and we are all so much harassed by greater troubles, that it is difficult to bring organized public opinion and votes to bear upon it. Consequently Ministers intent upon spectacular schemes of social reform (at the taxpayers' expense) fail to realize that by a few simple measures involving no expense at all they can earn the lively gratitude of vast numbers of people daily being annoyed by petty restrictions. Merely on the lowest ground of winning votes the exhibition of a little common sense in this direction would gain more popularity than all the ambitious schemes put together. Let any member who doubts this statement consult his local party agent, who may usually be trusted to reflect the view of the man in the street or the woman in the bus. If a few members would do this and then form themselves into a committee to promote a Bill for the Abolition of Absurdities, it is difficult to suppose that the Central Office would not be able to overcome ministerial bumbledom. The local party agents would certainly be in no doubt as to the harvest of votes to be gained.

The most fruitful field would be in the removal of restrictions upon minor liberties which in the aggregate constitute an intolerable nuisance. During the war many restrictions were, of course, necessary, but their continuance is a humiliation suggestive of some of the Victorian nursery discipline now regarded as ridiculous. British law justly rests upon the respect in which it is generally held. Prohibition in America has provided us with a large-scale object lesson of the danger of bringing

the law into contempt. In a minor degree the absurdities of D.O.R.A. have the same effect, and they are thrown into stronger relief as the result of the marked tendency towards relaxation of Victorian standards in so many aspects of social life and habits, of the stage, and of books. Licence will follow undue constraint as surely as night the day, or as the Restoration followed the gloom of Puritanism. Unhealthy restrictions can only end in unhealthy reactions, and both are equally foreign to a level-headed, sensible people.

Dangers of the Road

STRONGLY as we would urge the removal of all vexatious restraints upon personal liberty involving no interference with the liberties of others, an equally clear case exists for restraining such abuse of liberty as results in loss or danger to other members of the community. It is impossible to read of the appalling number of motor accidents without realizing that the whole system of granting licences indiscriminately is indefensible.

In Germany no driving licence is granted until a severe test has been passed. Here any youth can get a licence to drive a car or motor-cycle anywhere at his own risk, and, what is infinitely more serious, the risk of any other drivers or pedestrians who may be unfortunate enough to encounter him. Cars and motor-cycles are now purchasable second-hand for quite small sums, and may be bought new by easy instalments. It not uncommonly results, therefore, that a quite incapable driver having caused serious damage or death is equally incapable of compensating his victims. Such an anomaly has only to be stated to suggest the obvious remedy. No driving licence should be granted without both an adequate test of capacity and physical fitness, and payment for a third party insurance against damage to life, limb, or property. Most of the firms selling cars or cycles on the hire-purchase system probably protect themselves in this way to the extent of the unpaid balance of the instalments due, thus showing an understanding of their own interest which puts to shame the indifference of the Government to its infinitely greater responsibilities toward the public.

A Bright Spark Quenched

In the years to come many of us will stumble across dust-covered wireless receivers, long since consigned to garrets, and talk of the Golden Age of the B.B.C., when we used to listen to, and grumble at, wireless broadcast programmes. We shall recall, as disillusioned men will, the youthful gaiety of the original B.B.C., its enthusiasm, its engaging amateurishness, and its blunders—so much more amusing than official correctness. For that B.B.C. which we shall have known for four years will have passed away, and we shall, for a long while, have held a dull middle-aged bureaucratic broadcasting organization as not worth ten shillings a year of our money. We shall not have to listen to it, that is one comfort. No one, not even though the payment of wireless licences becomes compulsory and is collected as a rate, can be compelled to listen. We regret very much the passing of the B.B.C., which, whatever its faults may have been, has made British broadcasting the best service in the world, both technically and artistically. The staff of the present company, the "Uncles" and the "Aunts," the "Wireless Willies," and the "Vicars of Mirth," the "John Henrys" and the "Blossoms," the Managing Director Reith, and the charming Captain Eckersley, are all to be taken over by the bureaucratic Broadcasting Commission, but the fire will soon be stamped out of them. The bright spark of their spirit will be quenched. They will be condemned to be grave and official and "safe." They will be granted salaries, and war bonuses, and annual increments, and pensions, and all those unchanging things in a changing world which destroy the soul of man. From cheerful amateurs they will become dull professionals. It really is a great pity, yet one does not see what else the Crawford Committee of Inquiry could have recommended. Their hands were tied from the beginning by the lamentable, though necessary, fact that wireless transmission is by law, and must continue by law to be, a Post Office monopoly. Now that it has become established with a huge revenue and a huge influence, it must be taken over by professional bureaucrats.

No Alternative

THERE was really no alternative. In a world of mass production and industrialism, and coal mines in the Garden of England, there is no room for amateurs. Not even in sport. Presently we shall see the exponents of all games at their highest excellence driven into professionalism. Whether they be tennis players, or golfers or cricketers, they will be driven to demand a full share in the vast sums which the exploiters of popular sports make out of their skill. The five or seven well-paid commissioners of the new British Broadcasting Commission, and the exalted expensive chairman, will be driven by a predatory Treasury to spend as little as they can upon a broadcasting service and gather in as many ten-shilling licensing fees as possible. They will, as all Government departments are, be terrified of popular criticism. They will play for safety all the while and try to serve up to the public as cheaply as possible what the greatest public wants—light entertainment. The Committee of Inquiry may propose a high and ever higher standard, but the commissioners and the Treasury will dispose. The new British Broadcasting Commission—we cannot refer to it by the merry old letters "B.B.C."—may not perhaps sink to the vulgar commercial level of the cinema industry, but it cannot be expected to fly high. It must set before itself a pretty low average of taste and play for that. These commissioner jobs will be very attractive and will be in the gift of the Government. They will go to place-hunters of all kinds and of both sexes; and the occupants of the posts—removable after five years—will have to dance to the Treasury tune. The test of success will be the box office—we mean the Post Office collection of licence fees—and those few who really value broadcasting for the infinite possibilities it has opened to mankind will put away their receiving sets, as they have had to put away many other illusions. Then one day the Treasury will wake up to the certain, though distressing, fact that there is an advertisement and propagandist revenue in broadcasting and will give orders accordingly. We shall—those of us who have not put away our sets—be expected (happily we can always switch off) to listen to a Socialist Government expounding the Capital Levy and to Mr. Pears discoursing on the merits of his soap. It is a great pity, yet it was bound to come. The old B.B.C. was altogether "too bright and good for human nature's daily food."

Locarno and Geneva

By Charles Tower

THERE are several attractive legends connected with the meeting of the League of Nations held at Geneva from Monday, March 8, onwards. An American, for example, is said to have remarked that to expect a League of Nations to flourish in Geneva was like trying to fatten Thanksgiving turkeys in cold storage. He must have crossed the Quai du Mont Blanc when the *bise* was blowing. Then there was another critic who observed, somewhere about Tuesday, March 16, that "Europe had been trying to convert Geneva into a fire insurance; but what we wanted was an insurance against a frost." One of the shrewdest observations was made long before the recent meeting of the League by a feminine member of the secretarial staff. She said that Geneva was not so much detached as isolated. "We are out of touch with the world." There is much truth in her remark, but the converse is scarcely more disputable. The world, and especially Britain, is out of touch with Geneva. I mean that there is no clear understanding in this country of what the League actually is, what is its function, and what are its limitations. There is a grave danger lest it should come to be commonly regarded as a word of magic, which shall compel the table to spread itself or the stick to smite while the magician lies comfortably abed and watches the automatic proceedings. Very early in the League's existence, the Government of France, or at least the "Quai d'Orsay," the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, perceived that the League was a piece of machinery, not very efficient, perhaps, and far from complete, and yet capable of doing useful service to the State which should master its failings and study its possibilities. It seems to me probable that in the initial stages of League working neither our statesmen nor our diplomats saw that it could be made a useful servant, though they did see, as the majority of League enthusiasts did not, that it might some day prove an awkward commitment. France, the evidence suggests, was not alone in taking steps to incorporate League activities in her strictly national policy. For a long time past Brazil had been quietly consolidating a special position at Geneva,

aiming, beyond doubt, to make that position subserve her own ambitions in South America.

The distrustful attitude which seems to have characterized Britain until lately was doubtless accentuated by that still-born monstrosity, the Protocol, to which with its native recklessness Socialism would cheerfully have committed us, though extreme caution was always imposed at least upon permanent officials by the very immensity of their responsibilities in a period of considerable political recklessness.

Here, doubtless, is heresy. I have dared to describe the League of Nations as a piece of possibly dangerous and, at present, inefficient machinery instead of as the incarnation of Wisdom, with its Geneva Palace as a Temple of Humanity, and its voice as a Pythian oracle, whose utterances it were blasphemy to dispute. But the suspicion that the League is much more a clearing-house than an all-wise International Executive must by this time have penetrated to a good many minds, and much future disappointment will be saved if the Geneva institution comes to be generally so regarded.

The recent meeting of the League of Nations was made, before it began, while it was in progress, and after its conclusion, the excuse or the opportunity for an attack, in some cases venomous, in others more or less apologetic, upon the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. That a certain number of papers which applauded him on his return from Locarno should now have demanded his blood could occasion no surprise. It is doubtful whether they ever understood what Sir Austen Chamberlain really tried to do at Locarno, and some of them certainly supposed, quite wrongly, that there was then a new orientation of British policy. There were people who believed that a Conservative Government had decided that if the political *Entente* with France was not already dead, the time had come to kill it, and who saw in Locarno the first step towards that Anglo-German alliance whereof dreams had been dreamed from 1906 onwards. They could hardly help being disappointed in their discovery that Sir Austen had really been appreciative of the anxieties which France has always manifested, and that one of his aims at Locarno, and afterwards, was,

so far as he could, to assist in removing the causes of that uneasiness. Locarno, in other words, seems to have appeared to them not as a guarantee for France, but as the outward and visible sign of a transfer of British political friendship and support to the other side of the Rhine frontier. They were therefore ready to listen avidly to those who now declared that Sir Austen Chamberlain had sold himself into bondage to M. Briand and was trying to bring Britain into a like servitude. Unfortunately, those who believed or professed to believe that calumny succeeded in giving it a certain circulation, with the result that a section of the British public, of which only a very small proportion pays anything like so much attention to foreign affairs as do very large numbers of French and Germans, came to have an uneasy feeling that there was "something in it."

Another section of the newspaper-reading public obtained from certain papers the impression that, owing primarily to French treachery and secondarily to British weakness, Germany was, in some vague way, not getting "fair play." Unless my experience in questioning some who appeared to hold that view was exceptional, very few of them understood in what this "dirty trick on Germany" was supposed to consist. I had always supposed that the original object of the institution calling itself the League of Nations Union was to familiarize the bulk of the population with the terms of the Covenant and its implications, and also with the machinery of the League. The late discussions disabused me, I may add, of this misapprehension, for it became apparent that the Union exists to "tie the hands" of the Foreign Secretary, to reduce him to the status of their messenger boy, and to assume general control of the foreign policy of Great Britain. Their qualifications for that undertaking are not apparent. I do not suggest that the Union does not contain many individuals with quite other ideas of its activities. But certainly its machinery seems in danger of being employed for distinctly mischievous purposes. In any case, what the Union does not seem to have done is to explain the text and meaning of the Covenant, for of all those who expressed in my hearing the belief that somehow Germany was not getting "fair play," very few

seemed to have any clear idea what the quarrel was all about or appeared to be even remotely acquainted with the Article of the Covenant which was, in fact, in question. There was, and, I am afraid, still is, a third mistake, derived not so much from misguided or malicious or biased misinterpretation as from the prevailing political lassitude from which we have by no means wholly recovered since the war. We are in a certain danger of coming to believe that we can exist politically without effort and survive nationally without precautions, provided that we burn a little daily incense to a golden image. The League of Nations seems in danger of becoming a fictitious mystery-religion by whose vicarious energies we expect to live and within whose fold we may be "taken in and done for." (An aspiration in that event only too likely to be realized!) We cannot place the fate of the nation in the hands of a super-State, something like Mr. Kipling's "Aerial Board of Control," because it happens to be a law of our existence, individually and as a nation, that inactivity leads to atrophy and death.

If, within measure, the foregoing may be regarded as a brief outline of the three chief misapprehensions lately affecting people who were neither politically biased against the Foreign Secretary nor naturally malevolent, it may be permissible to attempt some inquiry into the policy which Sir Austen Chamberlain and the Conservative Government have pursued, and to which, one may thankfully acknowledge, they appear still to be vowed. And first it may, perhaps, be suggested that British Foreign policy, whatever other charges may be brought against it, is really not so haphazard a thing, so "blown about with every wind of vain doctrine," that it can shift like a weathercock at the lightest breath of a Continental diplomatist. Foreign policy, one might perhaps suggest without too great inaccuracy, is the sum of calculated advantages derived from a complete survey of foreign relations, political and economic. The labyrinthine office in Downing Street is not, as a few people have supposed, a vast institution for the provision of comfortable billets for the sons of a strictly limited number of families. Logically, if the building resembled the work, it should be a sort of pyramid

with the Foreign Secretary's room at the apex, the principal under-secretaries next below, heads of departments below them, and at the bottom a large number of clerks engaged in the preliminary treatment of the colossal mass of information of all sorts and from all over the world which comes into the Foreign Office at all hours. There are, as there must be, various stages of dissection, digestion, co-ordination, and compression of this daily avalanche of material. Stage by stage as it proceeds upwards from the base of the pyramid there is constructed out of it a tolerably clear and concise view of the world as it affects Great Britain and, subject to the normal divergencies of human opinion upon any one set of conditions, a fairly definite appreciation of the course most likely in the long run to accord with British interests. Naturally, when this double-distilled essence of information and of expert opinion reaches the Foreign Secretary it may present two or more possibilities of action. Even, if very urgent circumstances demand, it may not be followed at all. But there is always one additional guide to which it has been the policy of successive Governments to adhere, namely, the principle of continuity. That is, of course, an incomplete account of the methods by which British foreign policy is built up, but it is not, I think, altogether inaccurate. Certainly, if those methods were more widely understood, there would have been a wider comprehension also of what Sir Austen Chamberlain meant when he said that he could not go to Geneva with his hands bound. No Foreign Secretary could submit to a sort of vague popular dictate not constructed upon careful analysis and co-ordination of the vast network of interests with which foreign policy is concerned. Now, assuming that foreign policy is thus determined, let us examine some few of the conditions which must have been digested before Sir Austen went to Locarno.

There can hardly have been many people in Britain who did not appreciate the fact that in the Locarno agreements we undertook a certain definite responsibility for assuring, so far as we can, peace on that Rhenish frontier, which had been a cockpit of dispute long before Roman Mogontiacum became Mayence. It was remark-

able that Sir Austen Chamberlain and his colleagues at Locarno should have been able to produce an agreement which, after some eighteen centuries, bids fair, at all events for the time being, to ensure peace in that region. Mainly, that achievement depends upon the fact that Great Britain cannot afford to permit the outbreak of another European war so close to her own shores. Greatly reduced as are her forces, yet this one Continental field is within comparatively easy striking distance, and her fighting strength could make itself fairly promptly felt. But among the smouldering foci of discord left in Europe by the war, the Rhineland was possibly not even before Locarno the most dangerous. Germany's eastern frontier seemed to many a greater danger, because the territorial settlements have been so largely artificial and problems of mixed population exist on either side of the frontier. Long before Locarno this was clear to British diplomacy. It was all very well to ridicule "pillar-box disputes" in Danzig, but they were significant of much deeper disagreement. As for a guaranteed and demilitarized zone on the Rhineland system, it could not be brought into being because there was no power similarly placed to Britain upon whose guarantee both sides could, and would, rely. We were asked, it will be remembered, to extend our guarantee to the Polish-German frontier, and were bound to decline because, in fact, that guarantee is beyond our striking distance. The only real hope of making that frontier less of a threat to peace was to persuade Germans and Poles alike to regard it as a piece of clumsy handiwork which, in due time, they would shape more conveniently by agreement between themselves. Nobody expected that this would happen at any early date, but if it was to happen at all, it was necessary to bring Poles and Germans together into a habit of co-operation instead of leaving them to crystallize a habit of sullen opposition. That was the real difficulty at Locarno. Sir Austen had never been left in any doubt of it by his advisers, and he went to Locarno fully conscious that unless he succeeded in this his whole effort must fail. Consider how great the problem was. He could not insist upon a rigidity for ever of existing conditions because he knew that probably they could not

be maintained indefinitely. On the other hand, to suggest that the frontier should be revised now, and guaranteed as revised, would certainly have provoked a storm of half-terrified and half-infuriated remonstrance. Sir Austen and M. Briand between them succeeded at Locarno in getting both Poles and Germans to regard their territorial relationship as one that they might adjust without friction as present popular suspicions should disappear. That was the real triumph of Locarno for which the British delegation had hardly dared even to hope. It was made possible by a much greater display of sweet-reasonableness on both sides than had been anticipated before the meeting took place. It is not clear when the suggestion arose that Poles and Germans would be more likely to accustom themselves to such co-operation as the Locarno Conference had in mind if they were both members of the League Council. M. Briand saw a certain advantage for France in the proposal, but it was neither the particular advantage with which a part of his own press subsequently credited him, nor that of which he has been accused in this country. He knew, what a good many people in this country have apparently ignored, that while Frenchmen generally might be pleased to think of Poland as a sort of re-insurance for their own north-east frontier, French obligations to assure Polish frontiers in all circumstances were neither popular nor even practicable. He wanted to relieve France both of the odium and of the obligation to act in perpetuity as the advocate of Polish claims. It was a sensible kind of French selfishness which our own characteristic aloofness should make intelligible to us. But it was not at all illogical to suggest that the co-operation of Germans and Poles on the Council would serve the purposes of Locarno, and it is extremely doubtful whether the Germans, who had a perfectly clear idea at Locarno of the system upon which the agreements were to be based, would have felt any difficulty at that time in accepting the proposal that Poland should be put forward for a non-permanent seat at the same time as they took their own permanent seat on the Council.

But by the time the Geneva meeting took place, the whole idea which had prevailed at Locarno had been

hopelessly confused by the sudden introduction of a totally false conception. For this, so far as I have been able to trace developments, *Le Temps* of Paris is directly, and in the first instance, responsible. Who prompted that paper is another question which I should think might be worth investigation by the French Government. At any rate, the Paris paper, announcing the claim of Poland to a seat on the Council, welcomed it as providing for France a neutralization of Germany's influence on the Council. (Technically, the suggestion was impracticable, but I am not now concerned with this.) One or more of the Nationalist papers in Poland, which had never approved Polish policy at Locarno, joyfully acclaimed the Paris suggestion and, with very little delay, it was made the subject in a section of the British Press of a violent tirade against France, with a great outpouring of crocodile tears regarding the British Foreign Secretary, who was supposed to have fallen into a French trap. As a matter of fact, there had been no British undertaking to support the Polish claim, either at Paris or elsewhere. The whole story of the "Secret Paris Agreement" was without foundation.

It is now necessary to diverge for a moment to offer an explanation of contemporary claims to Council seats put forward by Spain and Brazil. For at least four years Spain has claimed a permanent seat on the Council, and has been definitely assured of British support at a suitable opportunity. Periodically she has put in a diplomatic reminder of this promise, and has received fresh assurances. Brazil, as I have already pointed out, has long been "nursing" the League. Her intentions have never been obscure, and were perfectly familiar to the League secretariat. They seem even to have been broadly hinted in the Brazilian note to Germany, though apparently the hint was not understood in Berlin. Neither the Spanish nor the Brazilian claim had the remotest connection, originally, with the Locarno agreement. They existed at a time when German membership of the League looked like being postponed to the Greek Kalends. But it was quite certain that they would be brought forward and pressed on the first favourable opportunity, that is to say, whenever the old

basis of the Council came up for revision and its allied centre of gravity was changed. Can anybody, looking at the facts, deny that this moment had most obviously come when Germany was at last up for membership of the League and Council? Hitherto the Council's position and character had been crystallized in the direction given to it after Versailles. Henceforth its character was to be altered, and it was perfectly clear to Spain as it was to Brazil, that if they allowed this opportunity to pass, the crystallization process would be renewed, and it would be very difficult, perhaps even impossible, to get the question of seats on the Council reopened for a period of years, perhaps a generation.

What actually happened at Geneva now becomes clear. Thanks to the confusion of issues, and especially to a remarkable misconception by some publicists of what really had been attempted at Locarno, the atmosphere was vitiated, and for days Sir Austen Chamberlain, part of the time alone, had to struggle to bring the original "Locarnists" back to the basis and the underlying conception of European diplomacy upon which the Locarno agreements had been based. The Germans had been rendered suspicious by the statement of *Le Temps*, and their position had been made extremely difficult by the reaction upon their own Nationalists. It says much for the statesmanship of Drs. Luther and Stresemann that not even the misleading of British public opinion finally drove them off their course. With absolute accuracy, M. Briand was able to say that a complete understanding had been restored. The Germans quite loyally accepted the explanation that as both France and Britain has expressly stated that German admission to the League must be, with two exceptions, unconditional, it had not occurred to these Powers that any other conditions would in fact be advanced. The Locarno confidence had been restored and the statesmen had managed to dissipate the befogging dust clouds which had been originated by a few newspapers, and then greatly increased by the ill-informed activities of a number of amateur diplomatists. That success so far should have been achieved is a further tribute to the statesmen concerned.

We approach the end. The Swedish delegate who had originally protested against any change in the Council other than by the admission of Germany, made a "beau geste" in order to admit Poland as non-permanent member. A sort of reshuffle of non-permanent seats was desired which would have made the Locarno co-operative idea possible, and at the same time repaired omissions. (The reshuffle would have been useless if the "Locarnists" had not got back to the original basis and a cloud of suspicion been dispelled.)

Then the Brazilian bomb-shell was thrown. Brazil, a non-permanent member of the Council, ordered her delegate to veto the admission of Germany if she were not given the permanent seat to which she had laid claim. Spain had withdrawn her claim, largely on account of a direct personal appeal made by M. Briand by cable to General Primo de Rivera, a circumstance which seems to have passed unnoticed by most journalists at Geneva. Both British and French Governments made vigorous representations to Brazil. There they failed, and their failure was largely due, no doubt, to the fact that the Brazilian Government had seen how very difficult it was likely to prove, in the face of opposition by any one member of the Council, even non-permanent, to obtain a further increase of permanent Council seats in future. "Now or never" was the Brazilian motto. With the probable consequences to herself I am not now concerned, nor with the various suggestions which have been made of "promptings" from Italy, the United States, and even latterly from Germany herself! It was unfortunate that the admission of Germany to the League and Council could not be made at this time as a sign and symbol to all whom it might concern of the principle upon which the leading nations of Europe proposed to try to avoid future wars. But it was not vital, as seems to be quite wrongly supposed by some League enthusiasts. Indeed, by the very useful agreement that Germany and Poland shall be represented on the Commission which is to report in September on the proposed revision of the constitution of the Council, there is already in considerable measure secured that Polish-German co-operation which was one of the chief objects of the Locarno agreements.

The Depository of Power

By the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, M.P.

"You will observe one curious trait in the history of this country. The depository of power is always unpopular; all combine against it; it always falls. Power was deposited in the great barons; the Church, using the King for its instrument, crushed the great barons. Power was deposited in the Church; the King, bribing the Parliament, plundered the Church. Power was deposited in the King; the Parliament, using the people, beheaded the King, expelled the King, changed the King, and, finally, for a King substituted an administrative officer. For one hundred and fifty years power has been deposited in the Parliament, and for the last sixty or seventy years it has been becoming more and more unpopular. . . . It is impossible to resist the impression that this body also is doomed to be destroyed."

—*Sidonia in* DISRAELI'S "*Coningsby*."

It is interesting to study Disraeli in the attitude of a prophet, and though there may be no likeness between the sentence above and the great prophecies of Disraeli's forefathers, we cannot help seeing the remarkable astuteness of his summing-up of past history, of the then conditions, and of the inevitable future. It would be interesting to know what was in Disraeli's mind when he saw that power must one day inevitably shift from Parliament. Did he realize then what is so apparent to us now, that the more universal the vote, the smaller the power of the people?

If it had not been for the war, however, Parliament might yet have retained a great measure of its power for many years to come. The war hastened two things: it gave universal suffrage to men and votes to women over thirty, which must inevitably lead to universal suffrage of both sexes; and it built up an enormous bureaucracy which, having seized the principal seats of power during wartime, would be obviously unwilling to relinquish its hold in the succeeding years of peace. The wider the suffrage, the less the immediate hold the people have upon the power of the Executive. It is true that to some extent this is counterbalanced by the increased power of the Press, but because Parliament instinctively believes the Press is encroaching on its privileges, it blinds its eyes to the bureaucratic danger and spends a portion of its energies in attacking the newspapers.

Why is it that the present age tends to bring Parliament into disrepute? Unquestionably it does not hold the position in national affairs that it held in the time of

Disraeli. Nominally, the House of Commons holds greatly increased powers; the powers of the Sovereign and of the House of Lords were still very great sixty or seventy years ago. In encroaching upon these prerogatives the House of Commons, instead of becoming more respected and keeping power in its own hands, has in reality incurred a large measure of discredit in many eyes, and has certainly, even during my six and a half years in the House, handed over large portions of its powers to the Government departments. Disraeli grasped the truth that power is continually shifting, that no man or collection of men or institution can seize power for an indefinite time. Sooner or later it shifts from their hands to another quarter, whence inevitably a time comes when it passes to even other hands.

Since the war Parliament has been waging a feeble fight against the constantly encroaching and grasping hands of the enormous bureaucracy built up in the war. The people realized the significance of the struggle much sooner than did the House of Commons, and it was only after the utmost pressure had been put upon the Government by the people that any action was taken in the matter. When at last the Government realized that, if no action was taken, they would lose office, they considered what should be done. Did they act themselves? Did they consult the House of Commons? Did they ask for the co-operation of that body? They simply ignored it and appointed an outside committee with no member of the House of Commons on it, which was to wield the axe, and with the support of popular opinion cut down the overcrowded departments that were suffocating the State.

The recommendations of this Committee were only partially fulfilled, public opinion, as it is used to do on these occasions, passing swiftly to another phase of the situation. The moment that opinion became directed to another subject, the efforts of the Government in the direction of economy ceased. It must be remembered that at no time was the pressure to cut down the departments brought to bear upon the Government by the House of Commons. I do not mean that there have not been many clever, worthy, and active economists in the House who have fully realized the position, but the House of Commons as a body seems to have been incapable

of grappling with the problem, and without great pressure, either from the Press or House of Commons, or a section of the people outside, modern Governments seem incapable of taking any steps.

The country is just about to wake up again to the dangers of the situation. Mr. Churchill, perhaps unconsciously, has rendered a great service in illustrating on the Second Reading of the Economy Bill the utter impossibility of his Government or any Government effecting the economies hoped for. He divided the expenditure under four heads, the first being "obligatory services," in which he put the interest on the National Debt amounting to £355,000,000, and pensions, which he placed at the astounding total of £121,250,000. Under the latter category he put the War Pensions at £66,500,000, which is obviously a declining quantity. This leaves a permanent expenditure of £54,750,000 on the ordinary pensions of the State. Out of this total £21,300,000 is purely on State employees. The second heading is "grants-in-aid," £90,300,000, money over which the House of Commons and the Government have no control. It is paid to the local authorities for education, health, and other services. There is no method of seeing whether the money is efficiently or economically spent; there is no control as to how much these authorities should have; in fact, the more money they have, the more they spend. It is the most outrageously bad system which has ever been publicly put into operation in any country in the world. The third heading is "Self-supporting Services," £67,500,000. Even here the position is not one which can be passed over, as the administration of the Post Office could be tightened up and made to yield more profit.

The fourth heading is "Supply and Administrative Services," £165,000,000. Of this sum, Mr. Churchill said that the services of the State could not possibly be carried on for less, and added that it was quite impossible to reduce any of these heads or their totals.

The way in which he arranged the expenditure is misleading; for quite a substantial portion of the administrative expenditure has been included under the first two headings so as to place it out of reach. But what the Chancellor of the Exchequer does know is that the slightest endeavour on his part to effect economies in the public

services is violently attacked in the House of Commons, and he sincerely believes, I am sure, that his popularity as a Chancellor of the Exchequer depends not so much on what economies he makes, but on how far he placates those sections of the population who are dissatisfied with the present condition of society.

From the national point of view I am afraid he will find he has mistaken the condition of affairs, but undoubtedly he is right from the House of Commons' point of view. Economy, popular in the country and receiving lip service in general in the House, in fact, is extremely unpopular when it comes to applying it. Upon any policy, service, or department coming up for economical scrutiny in the House of Commons, the economists wage a lonely and uphill fight. Whichever section of the population regards itself as singled out immediately organizes an agitation, holds meetings, interviews members, deluges them with letters and telegrams, and, finally, by this species of blackmail, puts the utmost fear into them that they will lose their seats at the next election. The influence of the House of Commons thereupon gravitates from the side of economy to the side of expenditure, and the Government finding itself in an unpopular position withdraws its proposals.

The entire blame, however, is not due to Parliament. The items to be economized in and the way they are presented depend on Ministers, and, as hardly any of them care for economical administration, and as they nearly always give way upon the first show of opposition, it can hardly be wondered at that members of the House of Commons feel that they are losing the power to cut down expenditure.

There are in existence two committees, one called the Public Accounts Committee, and the other the Estimates Committee. The former really audits the year's accounts; the latter goes through the year's estimates and issues a report. I have sat on both these committees; on the latter the officials that come before it are always able, if hard pressed, to defend any item of expenditure by observing that it affects a matter of policy which this committee has no power of discussing and, therefore, the expenditure is justified. The former committee does excellent work, and by the fear which it may inspire can no doubt effect small economies, but only such as relate to thousands of

pounds, and it has no power or discretion to inquire into larger amounts which again come under the title of "policy." Further, as the accounts inquired into only relate to moneys already spent, nothing more can be done than to place on record protests, and hope they will receive notice in the proper quarter.

Numberless committees have been suggested in the House of Commons to deal with this matter and increase the power of the House, but I doubt whether any scheme would meet the requirements of the situation. The only way for Parliament to regain its power is by increasing its hold over Ministers and backing them up in every way to fight against the bureaucracy. Any committee could only deal with the problem bit by bit, and when any particular service is in question, the official who is called to give evidence is always able to justify it completely from his own point of view and obscure the general position by directing everybody's attention to this one item, which particular item may be very good in itself. Like an individual, the nation might spend money on it, if it could do so without harming itself, but it is impossible to argue whether or not we can afford to spend so many millions on one service without attending closely to the total expenditure of the country and studying how much can be raised in taxation without doing damage to commerce and industry.

The only person who can look at the position as a whole is the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The House would be only too willing to form any committee which would back him up in his efforts and give him confidence, but economy can only come by a definite rationing of the departments, and not by pecking at small items of expenditure in one or the other of them. The position is too serious for mere cheese-paring and hair-splitting. The Chancellor should first of all reckon, in conjunction with his financial advisers and in consultation with the heads of industry, the total amount which can be raised for taxation without impairing the nation's resources; and then that amount should be allotted in proportion to the departments, and they should be told that they will receive that amount and no more. No arguments should be allowed, and the nation's scale of expenditure should be based, like every household budget, on what it can afford.

To recite a few of the items which constitute our

national expenditure: the fighting services cost £116,500,000 against £80,395,000 in 1914. The Ministry of Health, with its multitude of social services, eats up £18,000,000, and the Scottish Board of Health is down for another £2,700,000. The Board of Education takes £44,300,000 this year; but this figure does not exhaust the total spent on education. In Scotland, £6,430,000 is estimated for public education, and "Universities and Colleges, Great Britain, and Intermediate Education, Wales" absorb another million and a half. The total salaries, bonuses, and expenses of civil servants amount to over £22,000,000. I have been at pains in the House of Commons this session to elucidate by questions the contrasting figures of staff and salaries of Government departments in 1925 and 1914. I tabulate the substance of the answers given in three cases which I think illustrative:

	Staff.		Salaries.	
	1914.	1925.	1914.	1925.
Foreign Office	190	780	£61,000	£260,000
Treasury and Subsidiary Departments	270	800	92,000	320,000
Ministry of Agriculture	660	1,500	125,000	490,000

But when these examples are pointed out in the House of Commons, the answers are invariably that the new officials are needed for the new services and for the expansions which have been pressed upon Government departments by past Houses of Commons, and that for the working of essential services these officials must be maintained.

It should be unnecessary to point out how desperately the country is in need of economy. The Budget Estimates this year show a slight increase upon last year, and national expenditure has ranged for the last three years around the figure of 800 millions. From the speeches of Mr. Churchill it is obvious that in his view the standard Budget of the future will be based upon this figure, and since the State's only resource is the taxpayer, there can be no possible hope of a reduction of taxation in the future; in fact, we shall be extremely lucky if we avoid an increase.

Industry suffers in a double capacity. Not only does it have to pay its share of the toll, but the fund available for investment in industry is reduced by the withdrawal of moneys for the payment of taxes. It is a cause for amazement that the country has been able to go on

contributing these gigantic sums to the cost of the Government so long, and the truth is, that in a highly capitalized country like ours the attrition of capital takes as long a time to become apparent as its accumulation. Thus, before the war we were piling up year by year a steady increase of capital; we probably stored up more wealth during our prosperous period than even the amount tabled by the statisticians. During the war there ensued a great depletion of capital by the transfer to the United States of Canadian and American securities held by us, and although the process is said to have been arrested since the war, the necessity for paying somehow for our imports may at any time cause it to be resumed. When imports exceed exports by nearly four hundred million pounds and the countervailing invisible trade balance is a matter of guesswork, how can we be sure whether we are paying for the excess of imports by the interest on overseas investments or by the sale of the investments themselves?

There are those who say that the country has never been so prosperous. They point out that the standard of living has never been so high, that certain trades have never paid such dividends. Retailers and middlemen of all sorts have, indeed, never enjoyed such profits; and certain of the protected trades are making headway. There is, moreover, an artificial prosperity in building and construction enterprises based either upon Government guarantees or upon Government subsidies. But let it be remembered that it is upon Britain's export trade that her welfare depends. The criterion of Britain's prosperity is not the condition of the retail, entrepôt, and building trades, but the condition of the cotton, woollen, iron and steel, coal, shipbuilding and shipping industries. In all of these the state of depression continues. As to the standard of living, which is undoubtedly higher than before the war, it must ultimately depend on the economic condition of the country, and it is useless for doctrinaires to imagine that progress is possible except in obedience to the laws of economy.

The greatest danger to the cause of democracy is the continual advocacy of Socialism by an important party in the State. Socialism is the antithesis of democracy. In a socialized State it would be impossible for the power to be in the hands of the people or a Parliament. If you nationalize industries, you create more Government

departments, and continually augment the powers of the bureaucracy; and the triumph of Socialism in Great Britain would not mean the triumph of the proletariat, but a victory of the bureaucratic power. It would become so strong that the political heads would be, as they are undoubtedly becoming to-day, more and more puppets in the hands of the permanent officials.

But Socialist influences are impregnating all parties of the State, so that the advance is being unchecked in any direction and, if allowed to increase, must become a continual march towards the shifting of power from the House of Commons into the hands of the departments. The only party which has the chance of checking this march is the Conservative Party, to which the country looks to safeguard its fundamental interests and the Constitution from being undermined by the advanced views of the theorists and cranks.

One of the most paradoxical tendencies of the age is that which leads Parliament to look with suspicion on any agitation in the Press or by the people to force its hands in the direction of economy. Instead of taking a long view and seeing that in order to conserve its power the present trend of affairs must be arrested, and instead of making use of these agitations and combining with them to regain its lost position, Parliament looks upon them with suspicion and imagines that the Press is its enemy. It directs its resentment for its weakened state upon public opinion instead of seeking it in its own body, which by its own measures has brought about the situation. If anything is wrong, people are apt to look at everybody except themselves, and the salvation of Parliament lies in its own activities and within its own reach.

Although we have the finest and most incorruptible Civil Service in the world, a bureaucracy is necessarily cold and hard, insensible to public opinion, prodigal, worshipping red tape and formulæ, incompetent to direct any large enterprise, never worried by economic laws (as there is no profit and loss account)—a force and governing body, in fact, alien to our natures and traditions, and one, I feel certain, whose rule would be short and unpopular. But if once the power in a State has passed from Parliament to the bureaucracy, it is far more likely to pass from bureaucracy to some other new and as yet unseen depository than to return whence it came.

The Coal Commission Report

By A. E. Ritchie

UPON the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars, if historical record is to be accepted, making due allowance for the different conditions of industrial life, this country found itself in much the same position as that which faced us in 1919. But in the early part of the nineteenth century the nation was more concerned with repairing the ravages of war and re-establishing the general prosperity than in seeking to extract from life the greatest amount of pleasure and relaxation at the minimum expenditure of labour and energy, which is so noticeable a feature of the present day. Mr. Lloyd George, surely, has much to answer for in respect of two phrases which he coined—"Business as usual," and making England "A land fit for heroes"—the effect of which went far beyond the limit of his imagination when they fell so glibly from his tongue. Those most aggrieved when England, instead of becoming a working man's paradise, remained bowed beneath the burden of war, were chiefly the "heroes" who had never trod the blood-stained plains of Flanders, first amongst them being the younger generation of miners who had entered the mines when the older men flocked in their thousands to the colours. It is this youthful element which fell a ready prey to the propaganda for the destruction of the present system of private ownership which is so typically represented in a pamphlet, "The Miners' Next Step," the production of two members of the Miners' Federation, Mr. A. J. Cook and Mr. Noah Ablett.

Apart from the economic factors with which the Report deals fully, and which we will consider presently, it is, in my judgment, the human element that is fundamentally responsible for the greater part of the misfortunes that have overtaken the coal industry. It was the agitation of men, the majority of whom had never donned khaki, that forced Mr. Lloyd George into setting up what has proved to be the most calamitous tribunal

that ever in this country masqueraded under a judicial cloak—need I say that I refer to the Sankey Commission? I am far from being alone in believing that this Commission committed many crimes against the economic life of the nation, but the greatest blow it dealt our national prosperity was the imposition of the Seven Hours' Day. To THE ENGLISH REVIEW for last August I contributed an article entitled "The Mining Crisis," in which I presented statistics showing that as between 1918, the first full year before the Seven Hours' Act, and 1920, the first full year after it came into force, over 190,000 more men were employed for the production of 1,750,000 tons less coal. My comment on those figures was, that it did not need the setting-up of any more Courts of Inquiry to enable the public to realize what is wrong with the coal industry.

The recent Commission now state that by accepting the Sankey recommendation in 1919 the Government caused large additional supplies of labour to be drawn into the industry, and if this process were now reversed large numbers of men would be forcibly expelled from it. "It may or may not have been right," they say, "to reduce the working hours in 1919; on that we are not called upon to express a judgment." But they add that the increase of working hours now would be attended by all the difficulties which usually follow reversals of policy. That the Commission do not consider that there is any inherent hardship in the longer working day is evident in the suggestion they make when dealing with the multiple shift question. In their view it is only reasonable that if the State limits the time of the men underground no obstacle should be placed in the way of the fullest possible use of the mine by the employment of double shifts. The Report states: "It would be quite logical to provide that preservation of the present working hours should be conditional upon free acceptance by the men of double shifts wherever their desirability could be shown . . . the men should make good the loss that is caused by insisting on a more costly mode of working." Finally, although the Commission are afraid that a return to the eight hours' day might result either in the production of more coal than could be sold, or in displacing a

large number of workers, or both, they say, in conclusion, that while not recommending the Government to force upon the miners a longer working day, nevertheless if employers and workmen were agreed in proposing a change, the State should grant their joint request. By way of comment, I would like to say that the Commission cannot have been particularly impressed with their own arguments against such a proposal upon economic grounds, otherwise they could not have been so ready to waive them. The inference is that the human rather than the economic factor influenced their attitude.

Apart from the question of hours, no one who has followed the course of events during the past four or five years can doubt that the mineowners are justified in their contention that the existing condition of the industry is to a very great extent due to the increase in wages in the early part of 1924. This is not to ignore the fact that the state of the world's trade has also been a contributory cause. Owing to the abnormal conditions occasioned by the French occupation of the Ruhr, our coal exports to Germany rose from 8,345,606 tons in 1922 to 14,806,232 tons in 1923, which undoubtedly caused the men's leaders to take an altogether too optimistic view of the future, and accounts for their persistence in pressing for an increased minimum wage in face of the warnings of the mineowners that the immediate prospects of trade did not warrant any such increase. In the course of negotiations the men's representatives were told with the utmost emphasis that while they were attempting to grasp the shadow of increased wages, they were risking the substance of regular earnings through intermittent employment. However, a Labour Ministry occupied the Government benches and a Communist Secretary for Mines lent his support to the men's demands; and so it came about that against their better judgment, and in order to avoid a repetition of the disastrous stoppage of 1921, the owners agreed to raise the national percentage on standard wages from 20 per cent. to 33⅓ per cent. The ink was scarcely dry upon their signatures when the Ruhr was freed and our artificially expanded export trade collapsed, leaving the industry with an unnaturally inflated wage charge in face of crumbling markets and ever-decreasing

prices. The position is clearly shown in the following table of exports to our nearest overseas customers:

	1923.		1924.		1925.	
	Tons.	Value £.	Tons.	Value £.	Tons.	Value £.
Germany ..	14,806,232	18,826,054	6,824,071	7,278,021	4,164,731	3,235,638
France ..	18,826,352	23,117,659	14,534,844	16,812,032	10,234,600	10,118,093
Belgium ..	6,504,592	7,505,378	3,329,885	3,454,472	2,485,791	2,073,657
Netherlands ..	6,794,306	7,943,292	2,743,903	2,986,305	1,526,850	1,311,159
Totals ..	46,931,482	57,392,383	27,432,703	30,530,830	18,411,972	16,738,547

The above figures are impressive, inasmuch as they show a reduction in tonnage and value of our coal exports to the countries mentioned of 28,517,510 tons and £40,654,836, as between the year 1923 and the year 1925. Moreover, they fully bear out the statement of the Commission that it is the export rather than the home trade that is the source of our troubles. Put in another way, our contribution to the world's consumption of coal for the quinquennial period 1909–13 was 9·8 per cent.; in 1924 it was 8·4 per cent.; while in 1925 it fell to only 7 per cent. The Commission have no helpful suggestions to make regarding the future of the export trade and, so far as they are concerned, its salvation must come from within, if it come at all.

Dismissing the proposal for the nationalization of the entire industry the Commission say: "We have seen, however, no scheme that will withstand criticism; we perceive grave economic dangers, *and we find no advantages which cannot be attained as readily, or more readily, in other ways.*" I italicize this last sentence because it is so extraordinarily applicable to the Commission's own recommendation for the State acquisition of the minerals. They say: "We are convinced that any unbiased inquiry could not fail to lead to the conclusion that private ownership of the minerals has not been in the best interest of the community." There I join issue with them, and would cite on my behalf the report of the Royal Commission which was established under the presidency of the Earl of Northbrook for inquiring into the royalty question. Published in 1893, this report states: "The royalty system cannot injuriously affect consumers unless it tends to restrict the supply of coal offered in the market, and thus to raise its price . . . the royalty system has not checked the production of coal in the United Kingdom."

There is not one of the practical objections to private ownership of the minerals raised by the Commission which could not be removed as readily or more readily in ways other than nationalization. Sir Richard Redmayne, whose great authority the Commission proclaim when his views coincide with theirs, is not quoted by them on this point, probably because he stated in his evidence that any benefit which could possibly accrue from nationalizing the minerals might more easily be achieved by some slight amendment of the Mines (Working Facilities and Support) Act, 1923. Moreover, the persistent agitation of the miners against the private ownership of the minerals during recent years has been inspired not so much by the sentimental objections to which the Commission refer—(that is mere camouflage)—but by the expectation that the sixpence per ton thus removed from the cost of production would, in effect, be added to their wages. I am quite aware that some of the more responsible leaders recognize that a royalty is inevitable, whoever owns the minerals, but that is not what the rank and file have been led to believe. In fact, at the Buckmaster Inquiry their representatives argued the question entirely from the wages point of view, and were told by the chairman that "if the whole of these royalties were swept away, it seems to me the result would be very small." Mr. Herbert Smith then admitted that if they were depending upon what they got out of the royalties they would not get much. The present Commission, however, have seen fit to emphasize the sentimental aspect of the case, and are prepared to concede to discontent something that cannot logically be conceded on economic grounds. The paragraph in their report in which they express their sympathy with the men's sentimental objections to private ownership of the minerals is obviously a paraphrase of the following passage in Mr. Lloyd George's "Coal and Power":

> Not the least inflammatory cause of mining unrest is the thought that another man, for no service rendered, is living in luxury at a distance on the 6d. a ton he levies on the labour of those who spend their lives in digging coal out of the bowels of the earth.

By means of such specious propaganda the public has been imbued with the idea that the royalty-owners really

are a small number of purse-proud, bloated individuals—typical specimens, in fact, of the capitalist class as imagined by Socialist cartoon makers. It is true that there are a few "bloated capitalists" drawing large incomes from royalties, amongst whom we might include the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, as titular head of the Established Church, derives some £400,000 per annum from coal lands through the machinery of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. However, setting aside His Grace and some half-dozen others, it is interesting to note that the royalty-owners number 3,790, of whom 2,900 draw an average gross annual income of only £250, a very inadequate sum, surely, upon which to indulge in the sybaritic luxury so imaginatively suggested by Mr. Lloyd George.

"It is unlikely," say the Commission, "that there will be lasting peace in the industry so long as this grievance continues without redress"—upon which I can only remark that to be consistent the Commission should have accepted the miners' demand for the nationalization of the entire industry. There is just as much evidence that the men are discontented with the private ownership of the mines as they are with the private ownership of the minerals, and, knowing the miner's mind as I claim to do, I can promise Sir Herbert Samuel and his colleagues that by recommending nationalization of the minerals they have given renewed hope to the miners that the rest will follow. Except that one cannot help the uneasy feeling that anything may happen where politicians are concerned, it would seem waste of time to indulge in destructive criticism of a Socialist measure, the fate of which is in the hands of a Tory Government elected to power on the anti-Socialist ticket. But will the rank and file of the party, I wonder, follow their leaders if they seek to impose another £100,000,000 upon our already overburdened country merely that the manufactured discontent of the miners over a matter of private ownership may be appeased? £100,000,000 is the Commission's estimate of the compensation to be paid to the royalty-owners, and the conclusion they arrive at after calculating the probable expenditure and receipts is that "there might be a profit of a comparatively small sum, or there might be a small loss."

The Commission recommend another excursion into Socialism, viz. municipal trading in coal, for which apparently we have to thank Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, the ex-Labour Secretary for Mines, whose political antecedents one would have thought should have disqualified him from inspiring the Commission with anything but distrust—especially on any matter in which the retail traders were concerned. His advocacy of the nationalization or municipalization of all our activities is equalled only by his determined opposition to the coal merchants, regarding whom he has regretfully confessed: "It may not be possible to throw the coal merchants overboard as readily as one would wish." In this matter of municipal trading the Commission point out that it will not be possible definitely to prohibit recourse to the rates, for if a local authority incurred losses, it would naturally have to pay its debts, its only means of doing so being the rate fund. Few people, however, will agree that "the control of the ratepayers would usually be sufficient to prevent the continuance of unsuccessful trading"; in view of the mass of evidence to the contrary one wonders at the temerity of the Commission in making such a statement. Municipal trading is in essence a Socialist measure, and if the ratepayers of the country are wise they will oppose it wherever it appears. It is not possible to deal fully with the question in this article, but at least one may say that in such a fight they will never have to "sheathe their swords for lack of argument."

The Commission think that the principle of national wage agreements should not be abandoned, but that "both the economic wage and, within limits, the minimum wage, may vary from district to district." It is interesting to recall the attacks made upon the mineowners when one reads the statement of the Commission to the effect that after comparing them with the wages of other great industries exposed to world competition, or with pre-war rates, they cannot regard a reduction of the present minimum percentage "as in itself indefensible." The question of the minimum or subsistence wage, in the opinion of the Commission, involves the consideration of family allowances, which, according to the evidence

given by Miss Rathbone, are very general in the mining industry in Germany, France, and Belgium. This is a matter which deserves a great deal more attention than it has yet received in this country, particularly from those interested in its application—the miners. Apparently the scheme which the Commission have in mind would involve sacrifice either of time or wages by the unmarried men, who, however, are told that they could easily fill any resultant gaps in their incomes by more regular attendance, thus "incidentally increasing, not only their own output, but the general efficiency of their colliery." I confess that I have not observed the slightest trace of altruism amongst the various classes of miners, and in my opinion much educational work will have to be done before any form of allowances for married men at the expense of the unmarried has the least chance of being accepted.

The closing of uneconomic pits is another of the measures recommended by the Commission, the method suggested for accomplishing this purpose having a somewhat Gilbertian savour. Finding that, as the undertakings progress in importance, their output per man-shift increases and their cost of production decreases, the Commission propose that some 300 units with productions ranging between 5,000 and 200,000 tons per annum should be closed. This is not to be done in any arbitrary manner by a stroke of the pen, but the doomed collieries are to enjoy a lingering death under the pressure of economic burdens deliberately to be laid upon them. The Commission's plan is that these lesser collieries should be excluded from the wages ascertainment; the district rate would then be based on the workings of the larger and more prosperous undertakings, and wages would be beyond the capacity of the smaller units to pay. "The result might be," we are told, "to hasten a little, as it is desirable to hasten, the closing of uneconomic mines."

In terminating this brief review of the Commission's Report I am aware that I have omitted to touch upon many points of importance to the industry, but not of such national interest as those of nationalizing the minerals and municipalizing the retail trade. These are

undisguised Socialistic schemes, and yet we find it suggested that the whole programme of the Commission should be accepted by both mineowners and mine-workers. The Commission themselves appear to consider that no sacrifices should be called for from either side unless both have agreed to accept the Report *en bloc*. Seeing the controversial character of many of their findings, I cannot believe that any such complete acceptance of them is possible. The problem, after all, is a human one, for when all is said and done, the outstanding fact remains that the coal industry is largely over-manned. If the surplus men in the industry were Robots that could be returned to the factory and stamped out to suit some other work, the financial and industrial questions involved would settle themselves. Unhappily for our peace of mind no alternative industry presents itself. The Commission suggest that the 130,000 displaced by closing the uneconomic pits can be transferred to other districts, but in my view these men will not merely be displaced, but totally disemployed so far as the coal industry is concerned. The districts as a whole are at saturation point as regards labour, and until this fact is faced by the men themselves and the ranks of the Miners' Federation are substantially reduced, the problem of the mines will still be with us.

The God in the Machine*

Wilson and House

By Wade Chance

HISTORY supplies no parallel to the interlocking mentalities of Wilson and House. Only by analogy may we indicate the closeness of their relationship. Wilson was as the oyster, House the shell. Wilson was Hamlet, House was the Ghost, the call-boy, the prompter, the grave-digger, and the chorus. If Wilson was the shallow River of Doubt, House was the faithful reservoir of Wilsonian courage and conviction. When Wilson became the organ of authority, House pumped the bellows and supplied the essential wind.

But at last the dam has burst, and 900 pages of hitherto suppressed Houseana floods a bedazzled world. And now we know that House was the pearl in the oyster all the time. For House discovered, he invented, he trained, he elected Woodrow Wilson—then carefully insulated him from all other human contact within a cloistral White House. Then Wilson and House developed simultaneously a restless obsession for world pacification, active in season and out—mostly out, to the bedevilment of the long-suffering Allies. While Wilson, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar, sat upon his throne a sceptred hermit," House, with the borrowed wand of presidential power, proceeded to direct the European concert of British bugles, French horns, German *snare*-drums, and International jews' harps, to the tune of American jazz. He coddled kings and kaisers, managed ministers, and coerced cabinets. He tells us so himself.

But first let us picture a quiet evening at the White House. After a family dinner, when the Texas Talleyrand had settled the Cabinet slate, o.k'd the President's new note to Mexico, and had told Wilson "how I thought the

* "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House." 2 vols. Benn. £2 2s.

Constitution should be altered" to give more power to the presidential elbow, Wilson would read aloud his favourite poets, and then, as House relates, "amused himself with any number of limericks." They did not go to bed till 10.30, after Wilson had wound up the clock, and locked the back door to keep out the politicians and the cats. Then, while the Siamese-twin dynasty of the White House slumbered in Abraham's bosom, the hapless country for a few silent hours trusted only to the care of the Almighty.

Wilson was a social iceberg, who chilled his environment; and the Senators complained that, when they called, he gave them only ice-water, and never offered cigars. Only House could thaw him. (But, as Joyce says, "Privacy is ignorance.")

These volumes record amazing activities. They have but one lack: the story is too one-sided. Not only are Wilson's letters to House missing, but there is no evidence throughout that Wilson ever supplied original policies or suggestions, whether constructive or destructive—all apparently originated in House's fertile brain.

House thus pictures Wilson:

> I found the President singularly lacking in appreciation of the importance of this European crisis. . . . He said, "There will be no war." . . . He is too casual, and does the most important things sometimes without much reflection. . . . Wilson remarked to me once that he always sought advice. I almost laughed at this statement. . . . He evidently does not wish to back up his former notes to Germany. . . . He talks boldly and acts weakly. It would be better to talk weakly and act boldly. I cannot bring the President to back up his threats, to make ready to meet the crisis which may fall upon him any day. "Shall we ever get out of this labyrinth?" Wilson said. "Only by adopting a positive policy," I answered. . . . He said he did not believe he was fitted for the Presidency under such circumstances (of war).

After this, there is not a convincing ring to his conclusion about his friend:

> I believe he will live in history as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, Presidents that this country has brought forth.

House, when confining himself to American politics, seemed invariably successful. He steered the Currency Act through Congress, he aided in repealing the Panama Tolls Act. But when it came to European affairs, he was

often blind to basic conditions. Texas was no preparation for world politics, an immense field of which he had but partial information. To attempt early an understanding between Britain, Germany, and the United States, although futile, was perfectly justifiable, for war had not yet begun. But to project himself into the mêlée *after* Europe was locked in a death grip was gratuitous and malapropos, and he was politely suffered mainly because both sides wished to conciliate all-powerful America. He found Germany unregenerate; and he never seemed to learn that it was the privilege of the Allies alone to determine when they could make peace with justice and security. It was this everlasting obsession of Wilson and House of their divine appointment, the delusion of their Messianic mission, which prompted the fiction of equal responsibility of both belligerents, and of that compromise with evil, "peace without victory." House regretted that Britain had no one man of outstanding domination whom he might win over—forgetting that it was just such dictatorship in America which had enabled Wilson to block preparation and hold the country back for two years, fatalities which House himself lamented. It has never been one-man domination, nor even the individual super-excellence of Britain's leaders which has saved Britain in the past—but on the contrary, her marvellous team-work, with strong men of all parties in her councils of war. The greatest service House might eventually have done America and the Allied cause would have been to persuade Wilson to profit by Britain's example, and to bring into a coalition cabinet such men as Roosevelt, Wood, and Taft, to stiffen and complete the frequently halting energies of Baker, Daniels, and even of the President himself. But he seems to have been less successful in urging matters of great moment on Wilson, than in forwarding illusory schemes which were remote from realities. His periodic efforts to force an ill-timed peace were foredoomed to failure, if only because they did not have their origin in an honest purpose, but were attempts to coerce and impose the same unwelcome Wilson domination on Allied policy from which America had so greatly suffered—as he himself bore witness—a negation of all American standards of democratic

government. House, moreover, undertook duties which had been superfluous if Wilson had possessed a cabinet which he could fully trust—such a cabinet as Lincoln's, of strong men who dared to differ from him; or, had Wilson been willing to rely on his very able Ambassadorial staff in European capitals, especially Page, Gerard, and Herrick. But Wilson throughout conducted war as a family affair.

House, further, suspected the Allies of designs on the safety of Europe, and he feared especially the domination of Russia, should Germany fall—specious theories foreign to Allied history and character. And here again he was bolstering up his designs for an inconclusive peace with false premises.

Why, then, the circumspection and genuflections with which he was greeted on his arrival abroad on such ill-timed errands? England looked on his coming as the herald of a new comet—America swinging into their ken for the first time in the hundred and forty years of her frigid isolation, and she wished to fix this new constellation permanently within the European orbit before it swung back again to her lonesome neutrality. It mattered not whether House was the head of this comet, or a part of its gaseous nebula, or merely a new dog star barking the coming of his master—they embraced him, they pampered him, just as later they did his chief at Paris when he arrived to re-map the world and impose his precious League of Nations in order to perpetuate his own reign of power.

The British leaders, however, mostly sniffed at the new-comer and his pacifist bone, and ran away, save only Grey, who like a mighty mastiff permits the gambols of an audacious terrier and gives him an occasional pat, if only to keep friends with his master.

There never was a chance of success for House's crusading missions. He naïvely supposed he could better dissuade Germany from her plans of conquest than did the Allied guns, or frighten the Allies more than had Germany's poison gas. And did he not say "They (the Allies) are so confident of ultimate success that I endeavoured to shake them somewhat, *and I think I did*"? But all his efforts failed, if for one reason alone—his proposals

were always contingent on future co-operation by Wilson, who, in one memorandum which House made with Grey as a positive undertaking, inserted in his own hand the one nullifying word—"probably"!

Page had to second what he knew were futile, if not mischievous, ventures into the No-Man's-Land of European diplomacy. Page had to steady the soaring coat-tails of House, lest, like Icarus, he fly too high and melt his wings, when, for example, he used threats with benighted ministers who would not be coerced.

There remains much, however, on the credit side of House's account. He first suggested Page for the London post (though, curiously enough, he fails to give Page credit for arranging his first momentous meeting with Wilson); he stopped Bryan from an intended peace-making mission to Europe after he resigned from office; and he came to the timely rescue of Anglo-American relations at a critical moment. For although House, and Wilson too, sometimes thought Page was too pro-British, House proved that Page had been right throughout the British blockade controversy. House, at Page's appeal, brought a final end to the attempts of Wilson and the State Department to impose upon Great Britain the Declaration of London, an indefensible move, for it demanded that Britain should accept *in toto*, when at war, blockade restrictions which she had actually *rejected in peace times!* House convinced himself of the injustice of this demand, and stopped it—but only after Page had presented it to the Foreign Office four times, and four times had been politely but firmly refused.

When Balfour and Polk of the State Department conferred in Washington, and effected a close working agreement for joint prosecution of the war, as related in Page's book, Balfour hesitatingly began about another matter. Polk said: "I know what you have in mind; you want us to apply your black list to neutrals." Balfour smiled and nodded. Polk said: "Mr. Balfour, it took Great Britain three years to reach a point when it was prepared to violate all the laws of blockade. You will find that it will take us only two months to be *as great criminals as you were.*"

House has given us the most extraordinary and

interesting book which has so far come out of the war. It is a record devoid of reticence, and it presents claims so astounding that no proper estimate can be made of them within the limits of a short review. It is a mine for future historians to work. House shows himself a man of great resource and even of great gifts, of subtle, elusive but naïve mind, a master diplomatist of whom Senator Gore said, "House can walk on dead leaves and make no more noise than a tiger." His opportunities were beyond precedent, and he played a leading rôle in the world's greatest drama with the true adventurous spirit. We shall look forward with an interest even more poignant to his story of America's participation in the war, of the Armistice, and the Peace Conference. For it was at the famous Armistice conclave at Versailles that House scored his greatest success, if not indeed his final triumph, when, completing Wilson's purposes and in his name, he deprived Foch's army of its rightfully conclusive victory, imposed upon the Allies the restrictive limitations of the Fourteen Points, and brought about a premature peace with Germany—the first of many notable successes which have marked her progress up to the present day.

On that historic day Colonel House of Texas voted, as a unit, the fresh American army *in favour of quitting* —outvoting the fatigue-scarred armies of the Allies who wished *to go on*, since their greatest legion, being underground, could not be counted.

For it was necessary, in order to obtain glory for the Peace-maker, that there should be a "peace without victory!" So finally, we had it.

Then, after six months of history-making at Paris, came the break with Wilson. That, too, remains to be told.

On the day the Treaty was signed in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, witnessed by the writer, Mr. Wilson sailed away for America. The next day, June 29, House crossed the Channel to England for an extended stay. The writer travelled by the same boat and wondered why, contrary to precedent, House had not been left in charge of unfinished labours at the Conference.

Wolsey had fallen!

East African Development and What it Means to Us

By G. H. Lepper

OUTSIDE the African continent Britain's oversea Empire is mainly the creation of more or less remote ancestors of the present generation. In tropical Africa our fathers and ourselves can claim most of the credit for what has been accomplished in the acquisition and opening up of the huge territories over which British rule is now firmly established. East and Central Africa in particular are the work of our own generation. Hitherto this work has proceeded in the characteristically British manner—isolated pioneering efforts on the part of small numbers of officials, planters, and traders, carried on with little recognition and almost without the knowledge of the majority of the inhabitants of the British Isles. Indeed, they have frequently been the subject of gross misrepresentation. In the past two or three years there have been indications of a dawning realization of the great prospective importance of East Africa to the future economic well-being of the Mother Country, not only as a source of raw materials for British manufacturing industries, but also as a market for British goods. With British East Africa (which, for convenience, may be regarded as including the Central African protectorates of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland) part of the Portuguese province of Mozambique is inextricably bound up, as it is through the Portuguese port of Beira that both Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia (as well as the Southern African colony of Southern Rhodesia) gain access to the ocean. And although Portuguese rule in East Africa extends backwards for more than four centuries, it is only during the lifetime of men still living that active development away from the coast has been possible.

Included in the British East African group are the colony and protectorate of Kenya, the protectorates of Uganda, Nyasaland, and Northern Rhodesia, and the mandated territory of Tanganyika, all these being on the

mainland, with the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, forming the Zanzibar protectorate. Zanzibar bears much the same relation to East Africa that Hongkong bears to China, but it is in addition the source of three-quarters of the world's clove supply. It is an important link between East Africa and India, the Zanzibar currency being the same as that of the Indian Empire and differing from that of the adjacent mainland, where shillings and cents are in use. The shillings and cents employed in Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika are of comparatively recent introduction, having replaced the former rupee and cent currency after the troubled period that followed the War. One of the East African problems that will have to be decided in the near future is, whether it is desirable to bring the Zanzibar currency into uniformity with that of the three mainland territories, or whether the balance of advantage lies with the maintenance of the present system? Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia use the South African pound, and as their trade relations with South Africa and Southern Rhodesia are much more important than their commercial intercourse with their northern neighbours, there are serious objections to any scheme for bringing them into the sphere of operations of the East African Currency Board.

This British East African group, with its three currencies, has a total area of over 1,000,000 square miles, and a population of more than 12,000,000. Portuguese East Africa includes 300,000 square miles and 4,000,000 inhabitants, but the central 100,000 square miles with a population of some 500,000, embracing the Mozambique Company's territory and the Tete district, are much more intimately associated economically with British East Africa than the remaining two-thirds of the Portuguese colony. The southern (Lourenço Marques) district of the latter comes within the South African orbit; and the Inhambane, Quelimane, and Mozambique districts and Nyassa Company's territory are at present practically self-contained coastal areas with little or no intercourse with the British hinterland. Although they contain large fertile tracts, already produce considerable quantities of copra, sisal, sugar, and other tropical crops, and should not be ignored as markets for British manufactures, their

development is outside the immediate scope of this article; until the serious currency troubles have been settled their progress must necessarily be held back. The Mozambique Company's territory and the Tete district, on the other hand, although by no means free from currency difficulties, are so closely interlocked economically with neighbouring British territories that they cannot be excluded from a survey of British East African development. Nor is Portuguese sovereignty an obstacle to the full development of the interior, as some people appear to imagine. The Anglo-Portuguese Treaty of 1891 contains ample safeguards to protect the rights of the British hinterland to freedom of commercial access to the sea at Beira, and special mutual privileges are enjoyed by the two powers in respect of intercommunication between their respective possessions bordering on the Zambezi valley; the Zambezi itself is recognized as an international waterway.

The problems with which the East African administrations are confronted will be evident to anyone who has read the report of the East African Commission, which made a flying tour through this region in 1924. Native and land policy, European settlement, the relations between Europeans and natives, the war on the tsetse fly and on tropical diseases, transport questions, customs, tariffs, co-ordination of administrative policy—these are only the more important matters constantly presenting themselves for consideration. Many of them are interwoven problems, which must be studied in relation to one another, if they are to be correctly solved. Most of them can only be mentioned here when they bear upon the fundamental problem with which this country is concerned at the moment—the acceleration of railway, road, and harbour construction, designed to hasten the opening up of the territory.

Parliament is about to be asked to endorse the British Government's decision to adopt the East African Commission's recommendation, that this country should guarantee interest for a limited period upon East African development loans to a total amount not exceeding £10,000,000, and, judging by the virtual unanimity with which the paragraph relating to this matter in the King's

speech at the opening of the Session was welcomed in the debate on the Address, there will be little general opposition when the Bill is introduced. It is in regard to the schedule of works to be undertaken that differences of opinion are likely to be manifested. This is inevitable whenever the attempt has to be made to make half a dozen coats from material sufficient only for one, for, large as the proposed amount is, it is far from adequate to pay for all the new works that various interests connected with East Africa would like to see included in the schedule.

The difficulty of making a selection is enhanced by the lack of detailed surveys, both technical and economic; a deficiency that has already caused delay in the introduction of the proposed Bill. Clearly, if the British taxpayer is to be responsible for the interest on these loans for five or ten years, as the case may be, it is essential that the works to be undertaken should be carefully scrutinized and, except in very special cases, restricted to projects which offer reasonable prospects of becoming self-supporting within a definite and limited number of years. The fact that perhaps half the total amount to be raised will be spent on material in this country is highly important as a means of providing employment in the iron and steel industries, where more work is particularly needed. In fact, on this ground alone, there would seem to be very strong reasons for bringing forward legislation to cover individual projects, of which the urgency has been proved, as soon as the requisite technical and economic surveys have been completed. Unless this course is followed, further postponement is likely, for, with one or two exceptions, the projects recommended by the East African Commission all require much more detailed study than has yet been possible, owing to the lack of essential data. One of the main lines suggested by the Commission—the trunk route to connect Dar-es-Salaam with the north end of Lake Nyasa, via Ngerengere and Manda—has already had to be abandoned, owing to the unfavourable character of the terrain and the almost total lack of population in the vicinity revealed by a preliminary examination; an alternative line farther to the west is now being studied. It will be months before there can be any question of

beginning construction of any of the principal new lines recommended by the East African Commission, and some time may elapse before it will be possible to determine the approximate probable cost of each project. So the submission of an accurate schedule to accompany any general Bill to authorize the guarantee of interest on loans not exceeding £10,000,000 is hardly practicable, except at the cost of considerable delay.

There are three projects among the new railway extensions recommended by the East African Commission that could be begun almost immediately, if the necessary financial votes had been sanctioned by Parliament. These are the Zambezi bridge, the extension of the Tabora-Kahama railway to Mwanza, and the prolongation of the Tanga railway from Sanya River to Arusha. Of these, the first mentioned, which has recently been described by the Joint East African Board as a project "ripe for immediate execution," is by far the most urgently needed. The necessary plans and surveys have been prepared, and the immediate economic prospects are superior to those of any of the other East African projects for development, owing to the fact that a large coal traffic will be tapped. This circumstance will not only set the bridge itself on its feet financially within a comparatively short period, but will also place the entire railway system connecting Nyasaland with the port of Beira on a paying basis, and by permitting lower rates to be charged on agricultural produce will give a great impetus to the opening up of both Nyasaland and the eastern district of Northern Rhodesia. The Zambezi bridge question is, however, complicated by the fact that the existing railways of the Beira-Nyasaland route belong to companies, and that several track ownerships are involved. With the object of eliminating two of these ownerships and so simplifying the position to some extent, at the same time giving the Nyasaland Government an effective voice in the control of the railways, a scheme has been put forward for merging the Shiré Highlands and Central Africa Railways—the two companies which own the track to the north of the Zambezi River—and forming a new company in which the Government would hold a substantial proportion of the ordinary shares. This new

company would then presumably raise the necessary money for the construction of the Zambezi bridge and the Nyasaland portion of the coalfields branch by the issue of first mortgage debentures with a Government guarantee of interest. An alternative scheme would be to repeat the action taken some years ago in the case of the Trans-Zambesia Railway—which connects Dondo Junction, eighteen miles from Beira, with the right bank of the Zambezi—and provide a Government guarantee of a debenture issue by the Central Africa Railway Company to cover the cost of building the bridge. In this case the Nyasaland portion of the coalfields branch might be built as one of the projects to be covered by the £10,000,000 loan. The Portuguese section of the coalfields branch will, it is understood, be built by Belgian capitalists in either event. There is something to be said for both these plans, but what is of primary importance is that a definite decision to adopt one or other of them should be taken at once, and that the necessary authority should be obtained from Parliament, so that the orders for steelwork, to the amount of about £250,000, can be placed and work on the bridge begun during the dry season that is just opening. There is no reason why this undertaking, "ripe for immediate execution" as it is, and urgently needed as it is universally admitted to be, should be held up because detailed information in regard to other East African schemes for development is not yet available. The Government, although its intentions are undoubtedly excellent, cannot be charged with displaying undue haste in the sphere of Empire development; and early action to implement pledges and announcements of intentions would be generally welcomed.

As regards the other two railway extensions which have been mentioned as ready for immediate construction, it may be recalled that the first section of the Kahama-Mwanza line, as far as Shinyanga, has already been authorized in principle, so that this could be put in hand almost immediately, while the final surveys of the northern section from Shinyanga to the Lake Victoria port of Mwanza were being carried out. The Sanya River-Arusha extension only involves construction of about twenty miles of new track, and as this route was surveyed

in German days, there need be no delay about beginning work on it.

The three remaining routes recommended by the East African Commission are in a different category. It has already been mentioned that the suggested line from Ngerengere to the north end of Lake Nyasa has been found altogether impracticable. The more westerly route now under examination begins at Dodoma, on the Tanganyika Central main line, and passes via Iringa south-westwards to the lake. A railway on this alignment would open up much excellent highland country suitable for European settlement, and would serve a useful purpose as a political and strategic link between the three northern territories of the East African group—Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika—and the central protectorates of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. But it will be a costly line to build, and there is a very small native population in the areas to be traversed, so that it will be a number of years before it can be expected to pay its way. In any case it will take some time to survey the route, particularly as there seems to be a temporary difficulty in securing competent railway surveyors in East Africa, so that ample time will be available for a thorough consideration of the advantages and disadvantages of this trunk connection, and for deciding the rate at which it is to be built. It is particularly unfortunate that the first section, from Dodoma southwards to Iringa, traverses the arid and almost uninhabited central steppe of Tanganyika territory, as there will be little or no local traffic; and until settlement around Iringa has made some progress, traffic of any kind will be very limited. There are admittedly strong reasons for building the line, both to develop the south-western portion of the territory and to link up territories of the East African group, but the fact that it will not be able to stand on its own feet for perhaps ten years must be recognized. Unless effective steps are taken concurrently with the building of this railway to encourage European settlement in the south-western highlands of Tanganyika the new line will prove a very costly white elephant.

Another connecting link—the line from Dodoma northwards to Arusha—is in an exceptional category.

Its traffic prospects are but slightly superior to those of the Dodoma-Iringa line, but it possesses the great advantage that its construction would weld all the East African metre-gauge lines in Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika into one system, and so pave the way for a unification of management which should lead to substantial economies. The more efficient use of rolling stock and workshop facilities is another important gain to be taken into account. Perhaps the best way to set about establishing this link would be by building it in comparatively short instalments at each end; but there should be as little delay as possible about effecting a junction between the two advancing railheads, as the unification of the East African railways is an objective which should be realized within a definite and comparatively short period.

There remains the Uganda-Nile connection. Here again time will be required for surveying, and until the through connection between Turbo and Mbulamuti, giving southern Uganda direct rail communication with the Indian Ocean, has been completed towards the end of next year, there can be no question of beginning construction of the line to the Nile. It is very important that this line should be taken right through to Rejaf, where it would come into contact with the southernmost point reached by the Sudan river steamers from Khartoum, and also with a good Belgian road serving the north-eastern districts of the Belgian Congo; for the extent to which the Kenya and Uganda Railway can expect to benefit from through traffic to the Congo depends upon the reduction of transhipments to a minimum. Although the Tororo-Mbale-Rejaf route is probably the best from this point of view and has the additional merit of traversing a great area of potential cotton-growing country in Northern Uganda, it will be advisable to give full consideration to the advantages of prolonging the Turbo-Mbulamuti line due westward via Fort Portal to the Congo border. These two routes are hardly to be regarded as alternatives, as both are needed; but for financial reasons it will probably be necessary to choose which shall be constructed first. Until an economic survey of traffic possibilities has been

made, it will not be possible to decide which of them offers the greater immediate advantages.

So much for the new railways upon which the lion's share of the £10,000,000 to be raised for East African development will be expended. Obviously, it is useless increasing inland transport facilities unless steps are taken concurrently to improve the ports through which the inward and outward traffic must flow. It has already been found that the two deep water berths at Kilindini, which are to come into service about October, will have to be supplemented, and the construction of two additional berths is proposed. At Tanga and Dar-es-Salaam port improvements are also required. At Beira private enterprise is undertaking the task of placing that port in a position to deal efficiently with the traffic of the 500,000 square miles of British hinterland served by it, apart from Portuguese and Belgian areas which also utilize this harbour. Some part of the East African loan money will have to be devoted to port improvement works at Kilindini, Tanga, and Dar-es-Salaam, and at the numerous inland ports on the Great Lakes. This is particularly true of Lake Nyasa, for if the railway from Beira is extended to the south end of the lake, and the north end is to be linked with Dar-es-Salaam, jetties and additional steamers will have to be provided in order to permit of full advantage being taken of the 360 miles of north and south navigation which this lake affords. Trunk roads will absorb as much of the available money as can be spared for this purpose, but feeder roads should be built out of local revenues.

Two matters of paramount importance in the opening up of East Africa are the strengthening of medical services and the inauguration of a campaign on a large scale against the tsetse fly.

East Africa is very thinly populated, and it will be necessary to study the effect on the labour supply very closely before determining to what extent it will be possible to draw upon it for the construction of public works. It is clearly useless to develop transportation facilities at a faster rate than the growth of population will permit of an expansion of production. To promote the growth of population, effective measures must be

taken to check the ravages of syphilis and yaws and to reduce the appallingly heavy infantile mortality. This means a much enhanced expenditure on medical services. Then the expansion of production is dependent to a very great extent upon an enlargement of the area in which cattle can be kept for ploughing and transport purposes. At present immense areas are closed to cattle owing to infestation by the tsetse fly, and efforts on the scale now being carried out will do no more than prevent further encroachments by this terrible pest. To push back the fly will require heavy expenditure and a largely augmented staff of experts to organize the campaign. Belgian and Portuguese co-operation is needed, if the work is to be done thoroughly. It is not much use pushing the fly about the continent if large areas are to be left from which it can spread outwards whenever vigilance is relaxed, as the locust has done in South Africa.

Entomologists, agricultural experts, and geologists are all badly needed in East Africa to enable the latent wealth of this vast region of wonderful possibilities to be fully exploited. It is impossible to doubt that money spent in this direction will bring a splendid return. East Africa can produce cotton, tobacco, maize, sisal, sugar, copra, and other essential foodstuffs and raw materials in sufficient quantities to render Britain virtually independent of foreign sources; and the effect of such an economic transformation upon stability of prices, as an aid to maintaining the pound at parity with the dollar, and as a means of expanding enormously the demand for British manufactured goods, would react most beneficially upon the prosperity of the United Kingdom. The increasing industrialization of the Dominions is an additional reason for doing all we can to stimulate the capacity of tropical Africa to absorb British goods.

All this being now widely realized, it is incomprehensible that there should be any avoidable delay in acting upon a policy that means so much to this country. Pressure of other business, whether internal or relating to foreign affairs, cannot be accepted as a valid excuse for procrastination, nor are there any adequate financial considerations to justify dilatoriness in making decisions and obtaining Parliamentary approval of undertakings that only await authorization to enable them to be begun.

New Thought in Golf

By P. A. Vaile

THERE are signs that new thought is beginning to creep into golf, and this is well, but it is astonishing how much, especially as regards mechanical matters, general tuition and writing has followed the "traditions" of the game.

It is beyond doubt that the actual mechanics of golf are extremely simple, and the probability is, that any ordinarily intelligent person, if left to his own devices, would soon acquire a fair degree of skill, for the actual relations between the club and the ball permit of but few variations. But, unfortunately for the would-be golfer, this very simple game has produced an amazing and extensive bibliography that has exploited the variable factor, the human being, to an extent that is, so far as I am aware, quite unprecedented in sport.

Not only do famous players, in their books and articles, lay down diametrically opposed methods, but it is not rare to find an author, whose name entitles his opinion to the highest respect, absolutely contradicting in one book what he lays down as the truth in another, without the slightest explanation or apology!

It is not, then, a matter for surprise that there is such an astonishing diversity of opinion amongst golfers as to the correct technique of the game.

This diversity is most remarkable in golf because it seems to be the outstanding game wherein the stroke may be said to be standardized, that is to say, that the same fundamentals exist in the strokes of nearly all the famous players, and, moreover, according to some of the greatest lights of the profession, it is a one-stroke game, which is another way of saying that in a full drive you will find all the strokes of the game.

Personally, I am not able entirely to subscribe to this idea, but, if we exclude the putt, there is much that may be said for it.

Considering the confused mass of instruction that is now associated with the game, and the evident desire and intention of the modern golfer to think and act for himself, we may, with profit, examine some of the more

important points and the mental attitude of players concerning them.

There is one outstanding matter that claims our attention in the first place. That is the prevalent idea of teaching the game. Practically all books and nearly every professional start the pupil "wrong end first." They start with the drive. Now, the drive in golf, although in its mechanical demands so simple, is, so far as regards the human action, not so very simple. Indeed, it may not be going too far to describe it as the most highly complex and technical stroke in the whole realm of sport.

What possible reason, then, can any author or teacher give for starting a beginner on this stroke, instead of on the simplest in the game—a short putt?

Golf is no exception to the general rule that all sound building, teaching or otherwise, works from the bottom upward. Starting a would-be golfer with the drive is almost as bad as putting a man who desires to play the piano on to Beethoven before he has used the five-finger exercises, yet it is the persistent course of general golf instruction, both written and verbal.

I emphasized this very strongly in "Modern Golf," published in 1909, when it was looked upon as quite revolutionary.

George Duncan, the famous British golfer, said to me: "You're quite right, Mr. Vaile, but it wouldn't do. They'd never come back. All they say is: 'Teach me the swing.'" And so it is that many of them get "the swing," but rarely the ball.

In "The New Book of Golf," James Sherlock advocates starting with the short mashie strokes, while more recently Major Guy Campbell, in "Golf for Beginners," suggested starting the game on the putting-green.

Quite recently Jack White, a former British open champion, and a very fine putter, published a book called "Easier Golf," in which he advocated the same method of instruction.

Willie MacFarlane, open champion of the United States, and a magnificent golfer, told me a few days ago that this is his idea of proper instruction in golf.

It may be asked how this is "new thought in golf,"

if I advocated it so long ago as 1909 and it is only now beginning "to seep in."

The *great new thought* that has not yet begun to be grasped by golfers, would-be golfers, authors, and professional golfers, is that *putting is the foundation of golf*, not something to be accepted as a thing accomplished *as an incidental* to other strokes, something "that will come of itself" so long as one learns the drive and how to use an iron club, *for it won't.*

The best American golfers have begun to take this part of the game very seriously, and the results are showing already in their superiority over the land that gave them golf; while in England we see mainly the glorification of the long drive.

Now it may sound like exaggeration, but speaking of first-class golf it is practically true to say: "Anybody can drive," but who would be so foolish as to say: "Anyone can putt"? yet, unfortunately, that is exactly the mental attitude of the professional towards the foundation of the game.

Let us take a concrete example. It would be almost impossible to get a better one than Bob MacDonald, the famous, long-driving professional. Bisecting the fairway with drives from 250 to 300 yards is routine work for Bob. One day at Flossmoor, Chicago, on a 296-yard hole, he was eight yards past the pin in a direct line with it and his tee, and everybody knows about his approaching, but when he gets to the green it is another matter. He then has "the superiority complex" that is the undoing of the ordinary professional.

That is the idea about the game of golf that must be utterly abolished. Putting must be regarded as the foundation of the game. I cannot give a better idea of the public "mind," or lack of it, in this matter, than the fact that Bob MacDonald has the largest and best golf school in America, with a dozen or two nets for practising drives and other strokes, but that he practically never gives a putting lesson. The pupils never want it, and he thinks, and indeed says, they can and do putt in any old way and with any old thing.

I have the highest respect and admiration for Bob MacDonald's golf, mental and physical, through the

green, but *on the green* he must readjust *his mental attitude* before he can do himself justice, and, as it is with him, so is it with countless thousands of other golfers, would-be golfers, and alleged teachers.

So, right at the beginning, we must get this basic thought into the golfing mind. Don't think because you use the putt last on each hole that it is something you "come down to" after your grand and spectacular drive. Remember that, in your tee-shot, you had, perhaps, sixty or seventy yards to land in laterally, and all the margin longitudinally that you could possibly take, but here *on the green* you are going for a point, the centre of the cup, and that, with an inch or two off centre, a few feet of weakness, or strength—you pay. So get firmly into your mind the correct idea that putting is the foundation of your game. If gloating over your drive or approach makes you lose concentration, and foozle your work on the green, it won't do you any good at the next tee.

Remember, then, that the putts are the cement that binds the structure of your game together, and unless your mental attitude is right your cement will be wrong.

Now that your mental attitude toward putting is, we may hope, correct, let us consider that branch of the game and some of the prevalent ideas about it.

Ask almost any professional how to putt and what to use to putt with and the answer, in effect, will be: "Oh, stand easy, use any old putter you like, and hit it any way that is natural."

This is practically an unexaggerated statement. One famous British player went so far as to say that Nature had provided each man with his own particular style of putting, and he must use that and no other. He did not mention whether or not Nature had done the same thing as regards general athletics! What, in the face of this, can the seeker after truth do? The answer is, go back to the simple mechanics; so, let us consider the simple mechanics of putting, which are well within the mental and physical scope of many young children, yet are flagrantly ignored by eminent professors, engineers, and scientists.

Let us consider the ideal putt.

Mechanically speaking, the ideal putt can be exemplified by a truly centre-shafted club with a vertical lie, swung on a large staple, like, say, an enlarged croquet hoop.

Now, it will be apparent to anyone, with a rudimentary knowledge of mechanics, that, provided the ball and the green are perfect, one could get almost exactly the same result each time if one drew the putter back six inches and merely let it drop against the ball.

The same statement would hold good in each case according to the length of the swing back of the pendulum. These, then, are the conditions that, in actual putting, we must try to duplicate as nearly as possible; but we are confronted with various difficulties.

Some players, indeed, do use a vertical putter, but the objection to it is that the putter is hanging from one's shoulders, and it is impossible to get one's eye and the shoulders into the same plane, so, in using a vertical putter, the only one wherein a true pendulum swing so often advocated can be effected, one's head is too far *out* over the ball. One has thus to look backwards at the ball, that is, *inwards* toward one's feet. Also, as naturally follows, one has to glance inwards in a slanting direction toward the hole and, finally, the ball has to run over a line in a vertical plane into which the eyes never get. Thus there are three entirely distinct planes involved in this process, which, unfortunately, is not limited to those few who use vertical putters. One, therefore, has to compromise, and the shaft of the putter is usually given such a lie as enables one to play the ball directly under one's eyes. This enables one to get the line from the eye to the ball, from the eye to the hole, and from the ball to the hole all in one vertical plane. This is what I call the correct triangle of vision, and is the only true, scientific method of sighting the ball in the putt, as it is apparent that the introduction of conflicting planes in the address must lead to inaccuracy.

Our putting machine will show us another simple thing in the mechanics of putting, and that is that there is one way, and one way only, for all purposes of practical golf, in which to putt, and that is *to roll them up*, even as a car-wheel rolls along the road.

That sounds almost like a superfluous statement, but it is anything but that. Stand at any green in any great championship and watch the "approach putts" and you will see that, instead of approach putts, they are miniature pitch and run shots, for the ball fairly jumps off the club into the air and does a hop or two before it settles down to roll toward the hole.

The reason for this rise into the air is either that the player has too much loft on his club, or that he stabs the ball too much, that is, hits it downward, so that it is made to bound off the green.

If we allow our pendulum to find the true vertical, place the ball against it, draw the head back, and let it fall; we shall see the ball roll truly away without any jumping, but it will not roll away so truly as it will if it be placed very slightly in front of the true vertical because, in this case, the blow is naturally slightly upward through the centre of mass of the ball. This corresponds to loft on the face of the club, and justifies a very slight amount of loft, although nothing like what one sees on so-called putting cleeks and similar fallacies.

When the pendulum hits the ball with the face vertical there are two grips set up; frictional engagement takes place at two points, namely, between club and ball and ball and turf. It is almost equivalent to one taking hold of a free car-wheel by the tyre, at the height of the hub, and trying to push it along the road.

Naturally, in the case of the putt, one grip has soon to yield, and as there is less friction between the ball and the club than between the ball and the turf, the ball soon begins to slide on the face of the club and roll on the green. For this reason just as much loft as barely enables one to see the face of the club at the address, but no more, should be on every putter, and there should not be any marks of any kind, except, possibly, vertical lines on it. The only marking that can conceivably be useful on a putter would be vertical lines. When other marking is called for, it means that another club is wanted.

Probably a putter, as in the good old days of the metal putter, would be best absolutely without any marking whatever, and I mention the vertical lines

merely because they might possibly tend slightly to start the ball rolling more truly in a vertical plane than would a smooth-faced putter.

The importance of *rolling* the ball all the way from club to hole will be realized if one reflect that the ball at rest on the green sinks into the turf for an appreciable distance and that, in a true roll all the way to the hole, it will preserve a channel of approximately the same depth, minus the weight that is absorbed by momentum, as a boy skates on thin ice on which he could not stand.

This ready-made channel holds the ball to its course as nothing else can. Back-spin, so frequently advocated in putting, is merely a disturbing and *fighting* element. Instead of being an assistance and holding the ball to the green, it is a disturbance, and is practically impossible to get without bouncing the ball off the green and taking the risk of its making a new channel or track with its lower side vigorously "kicking against the pricks" of grass and other herbage on the green.

This matter of preserving the channel of the ball's own making is not mere theory. It is "of the essence" of practical golf, and was proved, not that proof was necessary, by Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey's famous experiments which filled three columns of the *Times*.

Sir Ralph, the noted wild-fowler and author, *inter alia*, of "The Projectile Throwing Engines of the Ancients," tested the flight of many golf-balls for me, by means of his famous catapults, and he tested the run of the balls on a billiard table with varying thicknesses of cloth. It was found that the balls ran much more truly on a thick cloth, such as green baize, than on the ordinary cloth of the billiard table.

If, instead of putting our ball so that the pendulum putter will hit it when vertical, or a moment after it has arrived at the vertical, we place the ball where it will hit it a fraction of an instant before it arrives at the vertical, we shall have what is practically a perfect illustration of the stabbed putt, that forces the ball on to the turf, and results in its starting its run by jumping off the green which, as we have seen, is very undesirable.

We now have a fairly clear idea of the respective merits of the different methods of putting, so far as

regards the roll of the ball, and we may with advantage consider the conventional putting stance, in which the feet are kept close together and the legs practically straight.

I am convinced that this method has nothing to recommend it over the old style of getting down to one's putt. Can anyone imagine a champion billiard-player standing almost erect when using his cue, and *his* ball is about two feet six inches *nearer to his eye* than the golfer's ball is to his.

In this connection it must be remembered that, in all sport where an aim is taken, the persistent effort is to get the eye as nearly as possible in the aiming line. That is one of the reasons why golf is difficult; the aiming line is so far from the eye. When, added to this, we remember that the golf-ball is the smallest ball used in field sports, and that the golf-club has the smallest striking face, we can see that it is an advantage to understand the science of the game, particularly in a branch of it that demands so much accuracy as does putting.

Twenty-odd years ago, when I started golf, everybody got down low to the putt. To see a player standing nearly upright *at* his putt would have been considered a great joke. I do not know who introduced what I may call "the vertical putting stance." It has certainly "caught on." It will, at least for short putts, as certainly go out, for it has not one single thing to recommend it in preference to the old methods of putting.

One is told that the feet, being close together, one cannot sway or move the body, which is to a certain extent correct, but, in the old-time bent knee and right elbow on right thigh, there was a better position, and they were undoubtedly much better putters in those days.

Advocating "getting down" to one's putt reminds me of an amusing picture taken from a "Book of Hours," printed at Bruges, Belgium, in the beginning of the sixteenth century. One of the players is about to putt, and he has actually got down on to his knees, and is about to sweep the ball into the hole. This is certainly trying to get the eye as near to the line as possible. We see the same thing in a lesser degree to-day when players sit down

on their heels to study the line of the putt, and then proceed to get as far away from it as they can!

We may with advantage consider the putter, that important implement that is treated so cavalierly by so many who ought to know better. The unfortunate part of this is that it has become a kind of vogue. I heard one golfer, supposed to be sane, say: "Oh, if a man can putt, he can putt with an umbrella, and that's all there is to it." Of course this is not true, amusing, or helpful, but the net result is that anyone, seeking to know what kind of a putter to use, finds very little encouragement or assistance, so we must try to give them a little of both.

I am conservative enough to think that there has not been used extensively in golf any putter to beat the old, straight-faced iron putter, fairly deep-faced, and with only so much loft as to be just visible when one is addressing the ball. Anybody who can putt, can putt with one of these, and the degree of excellence will depend much on the amount of practice and the sense shown in getting the right weight, for nearly everybody is under-clubbed when it comes to the green, that is, they use putters that are much too light for them.

Roughly speaking the putter is too long and too light. Following the theory and proportion of general golf-club construction from the driver down to the mashie and so on to the putter, we may see that the last-named club, for the work it is called on to do, should be much shorter and heavier, the extra weight being necessary mainly on account of the decreased length of the shaft, but not on that account alone, as we shall see.

We are frequently exhorted by funny golf writers, and others who should know better, "to let the club-head do the work" through the green. Considering that one is providing energy that is carrying the club through the air at about fifty times the speed of the pull of gravity, it is hard to see how one can expect the club to do much! It is, however, very quaint to reflect that, when we arrive at the green, where we can let the club do most of the work, and where, in fact, we should let it do so, we never hear a word of the curious advice. Here, on the green, old gravity may be called in even as you did with the putting-machine, but, on the other hand, take your

putting-machine on to the tee, or try to use it through the green, and you would get "the merry ha, ha!" but not so on the green. There it would be deadly, and, recognizing this, you must conform to its general principles as much as possible in your compromise action, used instead of the vertical putt, and try to use a heavier putter *and gravity*, instead of those much more fallible methods, *a light putter* and *muscular memory*.

There is another reason why the putter may be heavier than usual, which has not been considered so far as I know. In the putting stroke there is less leverage weight in the club, and, consequently, less reaction to the ball than in any other golf stroke. Few golfers would believe that the leverage weight of their 14-oz. driver is between four and five pounds avoirdupois. This means that, although the club in a vertical line may weigh only fourteen ounces, taking a fulcrum eight inches from the end of the shaft, to allow for a two-handed grip, the leverage weight exerted by the club at the horizontal goes close to five pounds. Well, the putter never gets anywhere near the horizontal.

This curious consideration of leverage weight was borne in on me once when Mr. William M. Johnston, the famous tennis-player, said to me: "Mr. Vaile, do you know anything about swinging a racket?" My reply was: "Well, Billy, I have been doing it for twenty-five years, and I have just come to the conclusion that I don't know anything about it."

"Me, too," said Billy.

"Very well," said I. "Now we are both in that proper condition of mental humility in which all great intellects approach abstruse problems—what's on your mind?"

"Well, here are a bundle of rackets," he said, producing four from under his arm. "What do you think of them? No two are the least bit alike." And this was strictly true. There and then I decided to alter that state of affairs. Previously to that I had never had two rackets weigh the same in leverage weight, commonly called "balance," although it is easy enough to get them to weigh the same avoirdupois. Messrs. Fairbanks, Morse & Co. assisted me splendidly in developing my idea, and I now have a scale that gives

me the true leverage weight of my racket, and enables me to duplicate exactly either a tennis bat or a golf club, so far as regards leverage weight. It may interest some to know that the leverage weight of the ordinary man's 14-oz. tennis-racket is around three pounds.

So far as regards the actual stroke in putting, it is now generally conceded that it is mainly produced by the right hand and arm, but not long ago one was carefully instructed as to the varying degrees of work done by the different arms, fingers, and thumbs at certain stages of the backward and forward swing. If one is really putting badly, one should go out and take the putter in the right hand and putt with it alone for ten minutes, and then add the left to the grip for another five minutes, and so on. One need take no notice of all the various kinds of spin one is told to use on the putting-green because, as has already been said, for all purposes of practical golf there is one way, and one way only, to putt, and that is to roll them up sweetly and truly like Walter Hagen, the outstanding putter of to-day, does.

Speaking of Walter Hagen's putting, it is not out of place here to say why the run of his ball to the hole is so smooth and even. He plays his putt rather far forward, nearly off the ball of his left foot. The consequence is that he rarely hits his ball until after his club has got to the lowest point in the swing. This means that if anything he is hitting the ball as his club is rising, and so is hitting *upwards through the centre of the ball's mass*, which is the only proper way to hit a putt, and which is impossible if one adopts the current teaching of following through the putt *low* along the green.

In practising putting, one should not practise at the hole, except, perhaps, for the short putts, where the hole is fully visible. For the long putts a more definite object should be selected, and it is a good idea to put down a ball and to putt at it. It may be objected that, if one were to hit the object ball, a putt that might have gone over the cup would delude the player into thinking that he had "made the hole." Lest anyone should think this is mere theory, let me say that one of the great American amateurs, Mr. Walter J. Travis, perfected his remarkable putting in this manner, putting that put his

name largely on the history of golf here and abroad, and his answer to this criticism was: "If I am straight enough to hit the ball, anything, short of a drive, will fall into the tin"; and there is no doubt that his idea is sound.

Of course, since golf was golf the hole has always been the objective, but the *mark* at which one putts should be more distinctive, and there should be less tramping around the hole. This could be effected by having a white feather, or puff-ball, about half the diameter of the golf-ball, that would always be visible above the turf, and yet so light and feathery as not to be of any assistance in getting a ball into the hole; and, even if it were, it would be as fair for one as for the other, and there is nothing in the rules to prevent it. If this were properly carried out, the green could be flagged with two flags, equi-distant from, and in line with, the hole at right angles to the line of drive from the tee, and these flags would never have to be moved; consequently the greens would be saved an immense amount of work. Moreover, the mere idea of anyone standing at the hole is wrong from the psychological point of view. A pair of boots back of the hole is surely beyond "the end of the trail" for the ball, but that is precisely the wrong idea to have in your mind as you make your approach putt.

You must not have in your mind that you are putting *to* the hole, and only *to* the hole. When you were putting at the ball you did not calculate just to touch it and roll it over once or twice. You putted firmly, and so that you might hit it and roll it perhaps a foot or two. Well, that is what you must do when putting at the hole. You must always, especially in an approach putt, play your stroke with the "idea" of going *across* the hole over the centre of it, but any putt that does this will have "some" pace. The main thing is that the hole must *not* be your gauge of length. It is because *it is so* that 95 per cent. of putts are short.

Everyone is familiar with the advice to choose a blade of grass anywhere from two feet in front of you up to half-way to the hole and to put over it. I may say that I have observed a remarkable family resemblance in blades of grass which becomes, strange as it may seem, accentuated when they are truncated.

Apart from the extreme improbability of being able to locate a particular decapitated blade of grass, possessed of sufficient individuality to hold your attention, the idea of the thing is quite wrong. It is wrong to fix your mind on the *hole* as your objective. It is more injurious to cumber your mind with a consideration of any intervening objects. It would be much better to pick out some outstanding object, such as that suggested so blithely as being available on the near side of the hole, but on the far side of the hole, and then to putt boldly for it, but, as a matter of practical golf, I cannot hold out any hope to you of finding such prominent landmarks conveniently disposed on the putting greens to assist you in this important operation.

One quite often sees reference to the desirability of imparting overspin to the putt. There is practically no such thing as overspin on the putting green. It is just as absurd to talk of overspin on a putt as it would be to call the revolutions of your car-wheels on the road overspin. If there were any overspin, it would almost immediately grip the green and be converted into running, as in a railway engine.

One sometimes sees in a railway engine, just starting, the wheels spinning round before they grip the rail. This is, properly speaking, "spin." It is what engineers call "slip," but there is, for all purposes of practical golf, nothing in the game analogous to this.

The nearest approach to it is Jim Barnes's unique putting stroke, which really is a miniature pitch and run. Barnes stands so far forward of his ball that his blade actually descends on it and strikes it above the centre of its height from the green, thus forcing the ball down on to the earth and squeezing it so that it is forced violently out from between the putter and the green, taking its spin, naturally, from the last point of contact, the green.

So forcible is this impact that the ball, unlike the wheel of the railway train, makes several bounds into the air, during which it is spinning rapidly forward. Soon it exhausts this hopping and settles down to run to the hole and, on account of the large amount of topspin it had, it runs on long after one, unaccustomed to this amazing shot, expects it to stop.

This stroke, so far as I am aware, is unique. I was under the impression that my stymie stroke, fully described in "Modern Golf," was the only stroke introduced into golf within the memory of anyone living, but it is a certainty that James Barnes's putt will not be found described in any book, even his own; so, if we concede that the stroke is legal, Barnes has introduced a new stroke into the game.

What I say about the production of this stroke does not admit of any argument. Barnes himself did not realize how he was getting it until I told him at the United States Open Championship meeting at Skokie. There were three or four other professionals present, and one of them said: "He's right, Jim," and Barnes added: "Yes, I guess you must be, for I see the mark on the green where I hit it with my putter."

The peculiar nature of this stroke accounts for Barnes's terrible work, on some occasions, near the hole. For approach putts the force fights the defective mechanics. It is another thing when one comes to work it on a two-foot putt.

It is, however, open to argument if this is a legitimate golf stroke, for the rule says the ball must not be "pushed, scraped, nor spooned," and it is quite impossible to play this stroke without scraping the ball along the earth. Barnes has now altered his putting stroke considerably, and there is much less jab in it.

Many players labour arduously to develop a good style. If they would devote themselves absolutely to getting their results in good form, the style would take care of itself. There is nothing so contemptible as a stylist as such. He is merely an ineffective "show-off." Possibly he may deserve our pity rather than contempt, for many people in other games, as well as in golf, confuse style with form.

It appears to me that "form" may be defined as the correct mechanical production of the stroke, and "style" as the player's individuality which is grafted on to his form, or his attempt at form. We probably must admit that he has at least *some* form before we grant him *any* style, because, unless he has, his alleged style wouldn't even be style, in so far as golf is concerned.

We have said that the putt is mainly a right-handed operation. The grip most favoured for putting is, beyond any doubt, what is called the Vardon overlapping grip, introduced, some say, by Mr. W. E. Blackwell, the famous long driver, and popularized by Harry Vardon.

This grip is so well known to golfers that any minute description of it is quite unnecessary. The thumb of the left hand nestles into the palm of the right, alongside the ball ot the thumb, and the little finger of the right hand "rides," or rests on, the forefingers of the left hand.

This grip cannot, in my opinion, have any advantage over the grip introduced by me. My overlapping is done by the forefinger of the left hand on the little finger of the right, thus leaving the right hand with its full normal grip, instead of levering the little finger of the right hand off the shaft by means of the first finger of the left hand. I use this hold also in driving. One well-known New York professional lengthened his drive by an average of fully fifteen yards after he discarded the Vardon overlap and took to using this hold.

The stymie may properly be considered while we are on the green, for it is still with us. The remarkable thing about the stymie is that no club properly adapted to it has ever been produced and used considerably. The club most suitable for playing it is, in many bags, the niblick, on account of its sharp entering angle between the face and the sole, but, generally speaking, the weight is quite unsuitable and the heavy marking of the face prevents the quick rise of the ball that one desires to get in playing most stymies. Bobby Jones, the famous American amateur, has now adopted it for putting.

A stymie mashie should be much shorter and lighter than an ordinary mashie. It should have almost a knife-edge at the sole, which should curve backwards and upwards immediately it leaves the face. This enables the club to get well in under the ball and to exert its force in the direction in which it is most needed, that is, in elevation, and not in propulsion; also the face should be perfectly smooth. This was borne in on me in an eminently practical manner. I had had such a mashie specially made for me. Stymies were a joke to it. It could do things that were impossible with an ordinary club, so one day I decided to improve it, and I had its face sand-blasted. Merely that and nothing coarser—but

it ruined it. The quickness and sharpness of "rise" was taken from it, for *at the moment of impact* the ball could not start its rise by *sliding* up the face of the club until it gripped. The slight roughing gripped the ball too soon and put more force into propulsion than elevation, as compared with its work when smooth. I had the face "buffed," and it worked perfectly again.

For the same reason no niblick should have marks on its face. I was telling Chick Evans this once, and he said: "Well, Mr. Vaile, I never thought of it that way, but my niblick is quite smooth"—but very few are *now*.

One should always remember that the more delicate the stroke the shorter the hold should be, within reason of course. I saw this exemplified in a remarkable manner by Mr. W. L. Vandame, a member of the Westmoreland Club, Chicago. In all his bunker play near the greens, which was remarkably good, he shortened his hold beyond anything I had ever seen before by either amateur or professional, and, taking the ball cleanly and almost without touching the sand, generally got within a reasonable putt of the hole.

I was so much struck by his method and its results that I asked him if it was original. He told me that he had got it from watching Douglas Edgar, who used it, not only when bunkered, but in many of his approach shots, in which he was deadly. Which serves to remind me of an old idea of mine that one should always use the club for the distance and go "all out" for the shot. I was naturally much interested to read recently that MacDonald Smith carried a very full bag and, in effect, has a club for every shot. It follows naturally that, by adapting the principle of shortening one's hold, one could actually play a full shot almost at any time.

The *reductio ad absurdum*, as I believe it is called in logic, would be to take a mashie and grip it a foot from the head and see what the limit of one's shot would be. There is food for thought here. Certainly, when bunkered, and where one cannot go for distance, the short hold, unless one has to play an "explosion" shot, seems very logical, as it brings one's hands and eyes nearer to the ball, and tends to make one's stroke more accurate, which, considering that one may not ground one's club in a bunker, is much to be desired.

There cannot be any doubt of the increased accuracy in the short hold. This is very marked in tennis, particularly in playing the ball in the air before it has struck the ground, or volleying, as it is called, but of course such a hold naturally connotes a loss of power, as in golf, and is never used except for a specific reason, as would be the case in golf.

Speaking of this grip reminds me of approaching generally and of the remarkable lack of control of direction that so many players show. It was in 1909, in "Modern Golf," that I endeavoured to show that the ultimate science of the game was bound up in a knowledge of backspin and how to apply it. Well, Jock Hutchison has made them sit up and take notice of backspin in the approach, although neither he nor any other professional has yet mastered it from the tee with the wooden clubs. The result of Jock's great work is that nine of every ten players are talking about the "backspin" they are getting, whereas, what they are really getting is "cut," or sidespin, which is not so effective as backspin, for the cut ball swerves in the air and curls from left to right when it lands, so that one must always be playing to the left of the pin. Backspin, on the other hand, flies absolutely straight, and when it lands, barring any inequality of the green, runs perfectly straight if it runs at all.

Players should bear in mind that coming across the ball inwardly cannot possibly give pure backspin. To get that one must go *downward* across the intended line of flight of the ball and finish low and straight with the clubhead toward the green.

Possibly one of the greatest tips in this connection is what Cyril Walker, Open Champion of the United States last year, told me. I asked him how he finished his approach shots, and he showed me both arms extended, stiff as a rod, and pointed at the earth two or three yards in front of him, and he added: "And I don't have to try for backspin. It just comes naturally."

This is true, and the reason for it is that this finish converts the stroke into what is, in effect, the same as "the chop" in tennis, which is the only stroke whereby one can obtain pure backspin.

George Duncan once told me practically the same

thing, but with a slight difference of method. Instead of having the left arm straight and fully extended as Cyril Walker does, George pointed his left elbow at the flag so that the left arm at the finish was an actual brake against the right following through, and it thus converted the hit of the right arm into a chop.

Any tip that comes from anyone who has won a British or American Open Championship may quite well be treated with respect, especially when the underlying principle is clearly sound. The effect of what Walker and Duncan spoke of is to keep the blade of the club square to the line of flight right through the finish and to ensure a downward blow. These are the two prime essentials in most approach shots, and where so many go wrong is in trying some "whipping over of the right" at the moment of impact in an endeavour "to put the wrists into it." This must inevitably lead to inaccuracy.

Speaking of MacDonald Smith reminds me that he favours a much larger shaft than do most players. For many years I have advocated an increased size in the shaft, particularly at the end of the shaft beyond the grip. I have never had a club fly out of my hand when making a stroke, but I have never driven a ball without the subconscious feeling that I was having to fight centrifugal force too much, at least enough to make my muscular contraction more than was necessary. Recently rubber grips have become quite popular. They are put on the end of the club beyond the hands even as we use the leather "button" on the tennis racket. The obvious course would, however, be to shape the wood properly when the club is being made.

A young professional in a golf store was showing me a full cleek-shot. He threw the club against the roof, smashed the shaft into splinters, and just missed a valuable lamp.

I was telling George Duncan about it and saying that larger ends should be used. Abe Mitchell, who was sitting near, said: "Yes, I wish I had had them at Washington. I couldn't keep my clubs in my hands." It will be remembered that Mitchell was so much affected by the heat that he retired.

(To be continued.)

The Ancient Caravan Trade Routes—II

By H. E. Phillips

The Ancient Trade Routes in Africa.

THE ancient African caravan routes starting from many different points which cross and re-cross the Sahara may not be quite so long but are probably quite as old as those of Asia; and certainly of equal interest to the explorer.

The general supposition that the Sahara Desert (sara = wilderness, Arabic), which covers 4,500,000 square miles, is a flat expanse of sand, is erroneous. Over its surface, never below the sea-level (yet it was proposed some years ago that it should be converted into an inland sea), are to be found table-lands and mountains, the Tibesti rising to 8,000 feet, while the mean altitude is 4,500 feet. The Mindar plateau extends for 200 miles, and the Tasili plateau 300 miles, with a mean altitude of 4,500 feet. The Igidi plateau, from Cape Blanco to the south of Tunisia, 1,300 miles in length, is a vast area of sandhills. The Hammada al-Homra and the Hammada al-Murzuk are vast granite-strewn tracts.

In the valleys and cañons of these mountains and the table-lands are numbers of oases, many of great extent, unmapped and totally unknown to the outside world. In them the vegetation is luxuriant—palms, tropical fruits, and cereals are plentiful.

The caravan routes, on account of water, are compelled to follow the oases and the wells.

Of the main caravan routes, that from Morocco to Cairo passes the oasis of Ghadames, intermediate oases, and the oasis of Siwa. Caravans reach Timbuktu from Morocco, Insalah, Tunisia, and Tripoli. From Tripoli also, caravans reach Kano, Zinder, and Kuka, Lake Tchad, via Mourzourk and Bibna. From Siwa a route passes through the Little Oasis, the Great Oasis, through Nubia to Darfur—following, at a distance of a hundred miles west of it, the course of the Nile almost the whole way. Another route to the west of Lake Tchad passes Gerat, Aghadez, and Damergu to Rima, south of the lake. From Algeria to Timbuktu the route passes Insalah, Bir Mussakim, Mabruk and Jarawan: while the

route from Egypt passes the Little Oasis, Siwa, Mourzourk, Ghat, Asuti Abir, to the Sudan and Timbuktu.

The Sahara is wonderful, alluring, and mysterious, but a very dangerous country. The main routes are mile-stoned with the skeletons of men, camels, horses, and other beasts of burden (slaves and donkeys) which have fallen by the way. Thirst and the fury and the poisonous heat of the desert sand-storms (the simoon) deal death liberally.

But for the explorer it teems with interest and unnumbered possibilities: from its unknown mineral wealth —for granite is a magic word where minerals and gemstones are concerned, and most of the formation of the table-lands is granitic—to the numerous, unknown cities, rumours of which continually reach the outside world. They are to be looked for in the secret oases hidden in the valleys and cañons of the mountains which lie far off the beaten track. But these secret places could be penetrated by strangers or hostile tribesmen only at the risk of life.

In the days of the earliest Egyptian dynasties, in the Libyan Desert and in the Sahara (within easy reach of the Nile) numbers of oases were densely populated. But of the cities nothing but ruins remains. For some reason unknown, the locality of these ruins, although known to many Arabs, is never divulged. Not all of them, however, are completely deserted; a few are known to be still inhabited. But where they may be found is known to very few; the secret of their position is jealously guarded.

For example: it is well known to the Senoussi that the vanished "City of Burnished Copper" and the "Lost Oasis," of both of which tradition speaks, lie somewhere in the Ulad Ali, an immense tract of desert between the northern and southern routes from Cairo to Siwa. They (the Senoussi) claim to have seen the city itself, and assert that they possess Ptolemaic objects taken from it. Its place is now lost to the map, but there is no reason to doubt its existence. Mention of it, and also of the "Lost Oasis," is made in ancient papyri. The "Copper City" is reputed to derive its name from an extensive necropolis in one of the secret oases, in which the doors of the mausoleums are plated with bronze and copper.

Another lost desert city is the "City of Brass," in the West-Central desert. It should be well known, at least

by name, to those who have read the "Alf Layleh Wa Layleh," the "Thousand Nights and a Night" (Sir R. Burton's and Lane's translations). Tradition has long spoken of it, and there can be no doubt of its existence. Burton, in his translation, expresses his entire belief in it, that it is not merely a legend of the Arabs. He gives an extraordinarily detailed account of it which carries conviction.

These two lost cities are probably only two of many which are hidden or lost in the oases which lie in the cañons and valleys of the Central Sahara desert. To some of the tribes their position is undoubtedly known, but kept rigidly secret. As before stated, the reason for this secrecy is not known. It is probably because they are supposed to contain great treasure, or are reputed to be the haunt of powerful marids, oons, and ifrits of the jinn, who punish with death anyone who intrudes in their domain. However, in spite of these warnings, spread doubtless to deter inquisitive travellers, it was reported some time ago that a well-equipped French expedition was starting from Tugurt to search for and investigate the "City of Brass." It was intended to extend the search as far as Timbuktu, a distance of 2,000 miles.

If the explorer is likely to find the great Sahara Desert interesting, he will not be disappointed with the Libyan, the Eastern (Arabian), and the Nubian deserts, especially if his tastes are literary.

Scattered over Egypt, and over the deserts on both sides of the Nile, are numbers of ancient Coptic convents and monasteries. They provide a very fascinating field for research. It is not impossible that they owe the curious positions they occupy to the caravan routes: to those routes going to Abyssinia, Nubia, and farther west and north, to Timbuktu and Morocco. They are to be seen at the top of precipitous cliffs, on the fringe of the desert beyond the cultivable land, and in small oases, generally in line with the caravan tracks and the Nile, with an isolated monastery here and there. They follow the river for a thousand miles or more.

At Arsinöe were 10,000 monks, at Oxyrhyncus another 10,000, and 20,000 nuns. There is the "Convent of the Pulley," on Gebel el Teyr, the "White Monastery" at Swhag; the convents of St. John near Antinöe, St. Paul

and St. Anthony in the Eastern desert, others in the Nitrian valley, and the great oasis of El-Khârza, besides many more near Thebes, Esnê, and the Fayyûm. The interest in these monasteries and convents lies in the many papyri MSS., all exceedingly valuable, which they are reputed to possess, and the suspicion that many of these MSS. at one time belonged to the great Alexandrian Library enhances the interest considerably. It is not known for certain whether the books were destroyed or not. It is known that the order for their destruction was sent by the Caliph Omar to the general, Amru, who commanded his troops in Egypt. After the fall and sacking of Alexandria, Amru, at a loss to know what to do with the books and MSS. (papyri rolls), wrote for instructions to the Caliph. Omar's reply was terse and to the point, strictly in conformity with the new-fangled bigotry then in vogue in Arabia. "If," he wrote, "the books agreed with the Koran they were superfluous; if they did not they were pernicious. Destroy them."

The library was formed by Ptolemy Soter. During successive reigns it numbered 400,000 MSS., which were housed in the Bruchium, while an additional 300,000 were stored in the Temple of Serapis. In the war with Cæsar the Bruchium was burnt with the MSS., but not the Serapion. Cleopatra added to the Serapion Library 200,000 MSS. (the library of Pergamos, given her by Marc Antony). It had also been greatly added to from time to time, and at the time of Omar must have numbered over 800,000 works, dealing with a multitude of subjects—history, magic, astrology, geography, medicine, astronomy, mathematics, geometry, grammar, rhetoric, etc. The destruction of the books is open to doubt. Inference and evidence favour non-destruction. Washington Irving wrote:

"Amru—it is said—obeyed the Caliph's order punctually. The books were distributed among the five thousand baths of the city; but so numerous were they that it took six months to consume them." This course, attributed to Amru, was inconsistent with his known character. He was a man of culture, refinement, and a poet. Such an act on his part is not credible. Gibbon considers their destruction, recorded by Abul-pharagius, doubtful, as the event is not mentioned by two of the

most ancient chroniclers—Elmachin in his Saracenic history, and Eutychius in his annals. The latter was Patriarch of Alexandria, and wrote the conquest of the city in detail. Sismondi, in his "Literature of the South of Europe," says: "the pretended burning of the Alexandrian Library by Amru——" For many years the rumour has existed that many of the books are secreted in the Coptic monasteries; other rumours state that numbers of MSS. are in Constantinople.

On the other hand, a search was made in 1799. No ancient MSS. were found in the libraries of European Turkey. The monasteries of the Sea of Marmora contained none of the classics; the Collegiate House of the Greek Patriarch only a few detached fragments of the Greek classics. None were found in the libraries of Santa Sophia; the libraries of the Seraglio; or in those of the schools, mosques, or colleges of Darwishes, nor in the monasteries of Mount Athos. But 120,000 MSS. are said to have disappeared in the pillage of Constantinople!

In the writer's opinion it is quite unlikely any MSS. would be found. Many were probably there, but judiciously hidden. Both the Mohammedans and Copts—especially the latter—attach the greatest importance to any works liable to have a bearing on their ancient faith or its origin.

With the exception of the Coptic churches in Cairo none of the Coptic monasteries or convents have been visited or explored. Intrusion is neither wanted nor encouraged from persons outside the Coptic faith. Visits, however, might be permitted, provided a letter of introduction and sanction was obtained from the Coptic Patriarch at Cairo.

A more unfortunate happening than the disappearance and dispersion of the books of the Alexandrian Library can hardly be conceived. The loss to science, history, and art is incalculable. If we cannot discover what happened to them, or succeed in recovering any, we can conjecture the knowledge lost to us. It is not impossible we might have obtained valuable information concerning the past history of Egypt from pre-historic times up to the first dynasty; interesting details of Phœnician history, with the history of the Cretan civilization. Nor is it improbable that references to the lost Atlantis continent might

have come to light; to say nothing of voyages to the extreme Far East, to the continent—Lemuria—and its people, of which tradition speaks. We might also have obtained intimate details of many famous people who assisted at the making of history in remote times.

With reference to the use to which the principal trade routes were put it may be mentioned that in addition to those which followed the Nile—seven thousand or more years ago, en route to Ethiopia, and farther south and west, passing Memphis, Luxor, Karnak, Midinet Abu, Thebes, and many more cities long obliterated—there were numbers of routes going direct to ports on the Red Sea, from whence merchandise was conveyed overseas to Southern Arabia, Mesopotamia, India, and probably much farther east.

There was good reason for the routes in the Eastern desert. There was an enormous demand for slaves, gold, ivory, spices, minerals, precious stones, and other valuable commodities in Palestine and Babylonia. The Egyptians were miners. They searched far and wide for gold and other minerals. There are abandoned mines in the Eastern desert—gold, topaz, turquoise, and emerald mines, and probably many others undiscovered. They travelled far south and west for ivory and slaves; and their maritime commerce—both in the Mediterranean and Eastern waters—was doubtless important.

* * * * *

Whatever an explorer's object may be, whether it is merely a search for wealth, or his interest is purely literary or archæological, he cannot fail to be impressed with the fascination, the loveliness, and the silent loneliness of the desert, the exquisite beauty of the oases, and the mystery of its great spaces, haunted by the ghosts of vanished civilizations. Lost under the sands in the vicinity of the trade routes on the fringe of the desert—from Nubia in the south, and in the Sudan, passing Egypt, Tripoli, Fezzan, Tunisia, and Algeria to Morocco in the west—are numbers of long-forgotten cities waiting disinterment at his hands.

South American Canadian Routes.

The Romans, whenever they colonized a new country, constructed military roads. They were nearly always

perfectly straight, and splendidly built; and they endured for centuries. In length they could not compare with the Asiatic and African caravan routes; nor with those of Peru, which were also superior in construction in every way. The Roman roads, in course of time, were used solely for civil and commercial purposes. Traces of them can still be seen in England, Northern Africa, and on the Continent of Europe. Compared with the great caravan routes they are uninteresting.

The great roads built by the Peruvian Incas, some of them 2,000 miles in length, were the finest constructed roads the world has ever known. They were built with the greatest care, paved with large flags of sandstone cemented with bitumen the entire distance, except when rivers were crossed or tunnels pierced. Their purpose, in the first place, was purely political and military—commercial only in the second. They crossed snow-covered sierras, galleries were cut through leagues of rock, rivers were crossed, and ravines filled up with solid masonry, in their construction. One of the principal routes was from Quito to Cuzco, diverging south to Chile. There were numbers of them.

One fact in particular lends special interest to the Peruvian routes. When the Inca was killed by Pizarro, part of his ransom—an enormous treasure of gold and emeralds—was on its way to Cajamarca, carried on the backs of hundreds of llamas. It did not reach Cajamarca. When those in custody of the convoy heard of the murder they immediately hid it in the mountains. It has never been discovered. From that time the natives withheld any information—except under torture—concerning their gold, silver, and emerald mines, and other minerals. It is open to the explorer to find them.

When the conquest of Peru had been established, and the mineral wealth of the country became known to the Spaniards, they were under the impression—and for long firmly believed—that they had discovered Ophir, and the country of Solomon's mines. It is unnecessary to say that this view is not held at the present day.

The Maritime Trade Routes.

There can be no doubt that shipbuilding is one of the most ancient arts. The Phœnicians have been given the

credit of being the first to travel overseas for the purpose of commerce. It is very doubtful if this is deserved. In all probability fishing and cargo fleets, swift boats built specially for passengers and political purposes, and pearling and sponge fishers could have been seen in the Mediterranean and other seas long before the Phœnicians were a nation. It should be borne in mind that Egypt possessed an extensive sea-board on the Red Sea, and many cities with harbours in the Nile Estuary—Tunis, Pelusium, Canopus, Sais, Memphis—farther south at the apex of the delta, and others. The Egyptians were distinctly a maritime nation; that they visited England is beyond doubt, and it is supposed—not without good reason—that their travels extended to India and the extreme Far East. Nor must China be overlooked; even before this period the Chinese were known as traders and seafarers.

Herodotus informs us that the Phœnicians circumnavigated Africa. There is no reason why this should not be true. But there is a good reason—which will be given later—which will show how unnecessary it was for them to return to Tyre by way of South Africa, when they voyaged to Ophir; Africa—especially East Africa—was referred to by the Greek historian. His information, however, is not always reliable.

There can be no doubt also, that the ships of the ancient merchant sailors were much larger and of greater tonnage than is generally supposed, if they may be judged by the Greek and Roman vessels, which were probably built upon similar lines to those of the Phœnicians and Egyptians. In the great fighting galleys of the Greeks, the oars were arranged in tiers, from one to five, on the port and starboard sides. The complement of a Greek trireme was probably from three to five hundred men. These numbers would include relays of slaves for the oars, which were twenty-five to forty feet long, sailors and soldiers. The Romans built three classes of ships, ships for war, for merchandise, and vessels built for great speed to carry passengers and dispatches.

In the war against the Syracusans the Greek fleet in the basin of the Great Harbour consisted of "200 triremes, each with a crew of more than 200 men." This number was probably exclusive of sailors and soldiers.

Of Roman fleets it is related that in the harbour of Konto Scalion (since filled in), made by the Emperor Julian on the shores of the Golden Horn, three hundred galleys of fifty to a hundred pairs of oars might be seen taking refuge, waiting for a favourable wind. Many of the Roman merchant vessels were very large. The ship used by Constantine to convey the largest obelisk from Heliopolis to Rome is an example. The obelisk weighed 1,500 tons, while 1,140 tons of grain was used as packing. This will give some idea of its size.

In comparison with the ships of Cabot and Columbus the Egyptian and Phœnician and Greek vessels were very large indeed. In the Periplus, or "Voyage of Hanno," the commander of the Carthaginians, conveying emigrants to a settlement of the Phœnicians, relates that the fleet consisted of sixty large vessels, and took on board 30,000 persons of both sexes.

The galleys of the northern Vikings—who were traders and adventurers—were of no great size. Professor A. W. Brögger, speaking of the Oseberg Viking ship dug up near Tonsberg, Norway, in 1904, says, in reference to its equipment, "Certainly no modern yacht was better found than this ninth-century craft, with its kitchen utensils, coverlets, pillows, oak chests, ornaments, looms, and remnants of woven picture tapestries. The remains, also, of a four-horse chariot, fourteen horses, four sledges, and three dogs were found."

Another example, the Gokstad ship, found at Gokstad in the Christiania Fjord (1880), was 78 feet long, 16 feet 7 inches in beam, and 5 feet 9 inches deep. The keel was 57 feet long and 14 inches deep. She had only one tier of rowers, 16 oars a side; and like the southern vessels, carried only one mast and one sail. She was built of oak. The Phœnician galleys were built of cedar, a very hard, durable, bitter wood, distasteful to marine worms. Egyptian vessels were in all probability built of the same (imported) material.

Of the extent of the Phœnician voyages it is possible to speak with some degree of certainty. There is evidence which suggests that they visited England, and probably reached farther north. They traded at all the Mediterranean ports, including Tarshish (reputed to be in Spain).

They probably voyaged down the West African coast, and may have rounded the Cape. That they visited East Africa and India is beyond doubt. It is conjectured they reached the extreme Far East: Egyptian traders and explorers also.

But in their voyage to Ophir they undoubtedly reached the Red Sea by a canal which joined it to the Mediterranean. Before the present Suez Canal, there were at different times certainly two if not as many as four canals joining the Nile and the Red Sea. One commenced by Sesostris (Rameses III) joined the Red Sea where Suez now stands, to the Pelusiac branch of the Nile. It was continued by Psammeticus II and completed by the Ptolemies. Another, built much earlier, which had been allowed to silt up, was partly reconstructed by the Roman Emperor Trajan, and completed by Amru by order of the Caliph Omar. The difficulties of construction must have been considerably lessened by use being made of Lake Menzaleh, evidently of much greater extent at that period.

The reason why the voyage to Ophir, which was located certainly in South East Africa or in India, occupied three years is obvious. The inference is that in those days the rate of sailing was slow, and that in all probability the convoy was obliged to hug the coast and compelled to drop anchors when the sun set, and remain anchored all night. The one sail they carried was of no use unless the wind was aft.

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That these ancient traders and sea-rovers were skilful navigators we need have no doubt. If these Phœnician, Egyptian, and Chinese sailors knew as much about navigation as they knew about many other subjects, they must have been very skilful indeed. As we recede in the history of man we find that he was aware, thousands of years ago, of things which we think new to-day; but he knew them differently. And he did many things, thousands of years ago, which we do to-day, but he did them differently. His standpoint and methods may have been primitive. Yet in many things he surpassed us.

Atmosphere

By E. A. Simson

WHAT is more annoying than when travelling in England to be pitched out unexpectedly at a wayside station and told that there is half an hour to wait before getting a connection to where you want to go? You deposit your belongings in a corner, examine time-tables, read notices, stand first on one leg, then on the other, and it seems as though nothing would ever come to take you away from that forgotten outpost of humanity. If there is a clock visible it acts as a magnet to your eyes, and you begin to think that the large hand must mark weeks instead of minutes, and the hour hand years, and by the time that the seemingly endless half-hour has come to an end you feel that you are an outcast in an unfriendly world, deserted by all your friends, and you remain depressed for hours and hours afterwards.

Such is the havoc created by half an hour's suspense: it seems only just endurable. And yet how invariably do we underestimate our powers of endurance! I was once held up at a wayside station for a whole month, in the middle of a six-weeks' journey; and yet I did not go mad, or even take to drink. That also was just endurable—but one more day would have been more than I could bear.

The place was Kigoma. It is in the country, which, as German East Africa, was once a full-blooded member of William's empire, and is now one of those hermaphrodite concerns called Mandated Territories. I was on my way to Rhodesia. My route was by sea to Dar-es-Salaam, rail to Kigoma, and down Lake Tanganyika to Abercorn. This I had been told is the quickest way. No doubt it is if you happen to arrive at Kigoma the day the boat leaves. I arrived the day after it left, and as it only goes once a month I had thirty days to wait.

A time exposure of thirty days was more than sufficient to photograph Kigoma indelibly on my mind. I can see it at this moment; the red earth of the road, the

blazing of the tropical sun in the lifeless, stagnant air, the sleepy sound of droning insects. I was not accustomed to the humid enveloping warmth and felt good for nothing. In any case there was nothing to do. It was too hot to venture out in the day-time, and there was nothing for it but to sit on the veranda of the tin-shanty which called itself a hotel, and watch the butterflies' aimless passage and the lizards motionless on the hot flagstones in front. I had no companion and nothing to read. The hotel proprietor was an unhealthy-looking Belgian with a native wife: he used to have his first sundowner about midday and continue until he drank himself silly; he never offered his company except in the latter state, and then my one anxiety was to avoid it.

Kigoma used to wake up once a week upon the arrival of the weekly train; it remained alive for an hour or two, then sank back into its usual lethargy. Nothing ever happened. It seemed beyond the possibility of things that anything ever could happen. I was awakened every morning by the post-master going down to his office at eight-twenty, and when I heard him come back I knew it was twelve; he was always twenty minutes late going down, and always punctual to return. A few natives passed up and down the road from time to time carrying water in battered petrol tins, or wicker baskets with bananas or pineapples, on their heads. Every day one of the White Fathers, an old man with bushy eyebrows and a long grey beard, used to pass up the hill in his white robes, with a small naked native boy pushing his bicycle behind. The reverend old man was generally smoking an immense pipe; but now and again he had a book open in his hands, and I saw him bow his head and cross himself as he passed; then in the evening he would come free-wheeling down the hill on his bicycle with his pipe in full blast, and the small black boy frantically running behind. That was all the life that I ever beheld from my position on the veranda. On Sundays, by way of variation, the old priest was not seen, but three Sisters, white from their broad sun-hats to the hem of their robes, passed slowly up the hill with downcast eyes, their beautiful immobile features devoid of life.

Interminable hours I spent on that veranda! I

wrote letters to all my friends—even those I had known long since and long forgotten; they must have been very surprised to hear from me. The sun used to set soon after six, and at about five it was cool enough to go out for a walk. I knew all the native tracks about Kigoma, and learned to answer Yambo to the salutations of the natives as I passed.

My favourite walk was to go up the rough stony track which wound its way over the hill behind the bay. At the top was a stone still warm with the heat of the sun, and I often used to sit there and watch the sunset over the lake. Oh, it was pretty, Kigoma. I will give it that. If only I had not seen so much of it I should say that it was the most beautiful place in the world. The sun was dipping over the Congo as I watched; the vast lake was like a pool of sparkling sapphires, and the hills beyond, more than a hundred miles away, became violet, then mauve, as the sun dipped out of sight. To right and left, the lake stretched to the horizon and beyond, and the sapphire turned to a deeper, more sombre blue as each minute passed. The hill on which I sat was not high, and yet I seemed to be looking down on the whole world, with that prodigious fantastic lake at my feet, and the rolling plain behind, immense green waves stretching to the distant hills. It was typical of Africa. The spaciousness of eternity; the tranquillity of nature; and underlying it all, the hint of death.

It certainly made me think of the littleness of mankind and the vanity of human wishes. I was sitting with my body bent forward, drawing hieroglyphics on the ground with the end of my stick; and my mind was absorbed in some vague gloomy reflections about eternity, when I was suddenly interrupted with the sound of a deep voice:

"Vous avez bien l'air de vous ennuyer."

I looked up, and there, planted in front of me, was the old priest who used to pass up and down the road in front of my veranda. His pipe was in his hand, and he seemed to grow out of an enormous pair of black boots, like some grotesque white plant out of a pot. . . . I looked bored, did I? Well, I was bored, and told him so.

"It's like death here," I said. "Nothing happens—nothing ever happens."

"Monsieur has been here how long?" he asked gravely.

"Three interminable weeks."

"Ah!"

He paused and sucked at his pipe for an instant. It was then I noticed his hands: they were delicate hands that had been put to a workman's tasks. Hard, strong hands, a tanned weatherbeaten skin, and deep, penetrating grey eyes. Here was no academic priest, but a sturdy worker after the Lord. He regarded me in a contemplative fashion.

"I have been here longer than Monsieur," he said at length. "I have seen the sun set over Tanganyika every day for twenty-seven years."

I made some rapid exclamation, and was about to ask how he had retained his sanity; but I checked myself. In the meantime, with a brief "Monsieur permits," he sat down beside me. The sun was gone, and he took off his white helmet, revealing a mass of iron-grey hair; he then produced a coloured handkerchief from the folds of his robe, and proceeded to mop his forehead and the back of his neck.

"If Monsieur finds it dull," he said, "it is because he is accustomed to the distracting activity of what we call civilized countries. He has not developed his contemplative powers. I do not speak in the spiritual sense, although if Monsieur were of our church it would be different."

His grey eyes smiled at me and I nodded.

"No matter. Monsieur is accustomed to see the appearance of events, the appearance of life, the appearance of human struggle. You see all these things on the surface, and you guess what is going on underneath. But here it is different. Nothing is visible on the surface: everything is underneath. Ah, you should look deeper, my friend, that is what you must do. In Europe your meat is on the table, all cooked and ready and appetizing; but here, if you want meat, you must take down your gun and go and seek it. And that is far the better way; yes, Monsieur, far the better way. Nothing happens in Kigoma, you say. Look, Monsieur, at that great plain. What do you see? Nothing but grass waving in the breeze, a few shrubs, and a mango tree; and you say

nothing is happening, because you see nothing. But underneath it is teeming with life, teeming with activity: there is an incessant merciless struggle underneath; life and death, unseen, unceasing."

I was about to interrupt with some question, but he waved me aside and continued.

"And it is the same with the human beings here as it is with the beasts. You see nothing, and you think they are all asleep, but underneath! Listen, Monsieur, and I will tell you a tale about Kigoma."

I watched him produce some coarse tobacco from an unecclesiastical pocket beneath his robe. He then knocked the ash from his pipe on the stone on which we sat, and proceeded to refill it, ramming the tobacco home with his little finger. This occupied him several minutes, during which he appeared to forget about me. He did everything with the same air of composure and without haste. Twenty-seven years in Africa had taught him not to hurry.

"Yes, Monsieur," he proceeded, when his pipe was well lit, "I could tell many tales about Kigoma, but this one will show what deep thoughts, what strange happenings there are in this endless silence. It is like that thunderstorm yonder, lightning flashing, but do you hear a sound? No, Monsieur, this country buries sound; you may cry your distress, but your cry is swallowed up in the silence, and no one shall hear you but God. Perhaps you have observed Abbas bin Salim, the Arab, the chief merchant of Kigoma. That is his house there, down below us, with the white walls. But you have seen him —*un petit gros*—with his white abba and a linen turban?"

He made a gesture denoting rotundness with his hands. I nodded. I knew the man by sight, and had wondered who he was. A man of substance, I had guessed, and an evil-looking person, too. He was fat, most unpleasantly fat: his stomach jutted out like a ledge beneath his linen robe, and he waddled about the native street, his wary eyes shifting this way and that, and his stained teeth showing over a wet projecting underlip.

"Ah, no doubt you have wondered what brought him here amongst these dull natives. I will tell you.

Have you perhaps heard of the great bin Salim? No! Ah, that was generations ago when the Sultan ruled at Zanzibar—ruled, I say. The bin Salim then was the renowned slave-dealer at Tabora, which, as you know, was the slave-market of the world. He was rich, the old villain, and powerful: his Arab followers scoured the country, killing those who could fight and enslaving those who had no heart to resist. Those were the days of the family of bin Salim. Then the slave-trade was gradually repressed, and the bin Salim fell on evil days. This portly gentleman is the grandson of the old evil-doer. He lives there amongst the children of the men and women he murdered and betrayed, and he trades with them in hides and ivory; and he cheats them; he would no doubt murder and enslave them if he could, but as he is prevented he contents himself by cheating them in his commerce."

"These blacks must have short memories," I observed, "or else they must be most long-suffering folk."

"Yes, they are like that. Stupid like cattle. Just like that, except, perhaps, one in a thousand. And it is that one in a thousand that makes my story. Have you seen the bullfight, Monsieur? No. Ah, I came from Bayonne when I was a young man. I used to go. The bulls and the natives are the same—force without judgment. But you know how it is that the bull attacks the red cloak, and the science of the bullfight is built upon that knowledge; yes, the matador knows that, and he can play the bull as he will. But once in his life that matador meets a bull that attacks, not the red cloak, but the man, and then it is the matador who is laid low on the sand. One bull in a thousand, Monsieur, just like these natives."

This allusion to the bullfight seemed to make him ponder over his young days at Bayonne, and he remained for some moments gazing abstractedly at the red earth between his feet. Then he went on.

"Such is the last of the bin Salims, a respectable citizen dealing in ivory and hides. At least so it would appear. But hides are a poor substitute for human flesh, and the lust is in the blood—look at his bent nose and those watchful eyes, Monsieur; it is a bird of prey in

captivity. But even in captivity, perhaps, a sparrow will venture too near—and then—a whirl of feathers! Bin Salim is still a slave-dealer; I do not say he is at this moment; it grows more hazardous every day—though even now you would be surprised to hear how many slaves are smuggled to Arabia each year in peaceful trading dhows; yes, Monsieur, you would, indeed, be surprised. Perhaps bin Salim still works his trade, perhaps not; but a few years ago I know he did. His agents would go into far districts for ivory, and every time they brought ivory a few natives would disappear. How they brought them to the coast—who knows? After centuries of the trade there are means and methods which we do not guess; all we knew was that the men were gone, and that bin Salim had gold in his strong box which was not the price of ivory. Evidence against him, Monsieur? Is there evidence against the fox? Ah, no, he is no fool, our crafty Arab; he is cunning. And what can the ponderous machinery of government do against such a man in such a country. And yet he was caught—not by the government, for example. He was caught in such a way that even he himself does not know how he was trapped.

"And it was all because he made a mistake in his youth. How often do the errors of our youth come back to roost in our old age—but not quite like this! Bin Salim was active as a young man, strong and active he was, though you would not think so to see him now with that stomach. He was active, and he looked after his slave-dealing himself in every detail; it was he who led the gang of robbers and picked out the men for slaves. He used to examine them himself when they were bound and trussed up; and he would feel their flesh, just as a good housewife chooses the best meat. So he got good prices.

"They took no risks, these Arabs. They knew which tribes could fight, and which, like sheep, were stupid and defenceless and useful; and it was these sheep-like ones that they took to be slaves. But one day when they were raiding one of these villages, it happened that the young chief of a fighting tribe was there amongst the weaklings. He fought for his liberty, but they captured him and tied him up; and bin Salim had him sent off with the rest, a chief's son with all these men of no account. Then bin

Salim returned home to Tabora—he lived at Tabora then—and he bought himself a new young wife with the gold he received for his slaves.

"Monsieur would think, perhaps, that the chief then came with all his armed men to obtain revenge. But that is not the way things happen in this country. The old chief did not come; perhaps he knew, perhaps not. But nothing happened. Bin Salim stayed at home with his new wife, grew fat, and begat children. Twenty years passed, and if bin Salim still remembered the incident, it would just suffice to draw a chuckle from his thick lips, and then his mind would pass on to other immediate thoughts. In twenty years he had grown fat—just as you see him now—and his two sons, all that lived from a family of ten, they had grown up. They went out to the villages on their business just as their father used to do; but they were weaklings, as the sons of rich men are; they just looked on and took the gold, while the work was done by a paid and trusted underling. Thus their life went on. But one day his two sons did not return from one of their journeys. They never returned. In the register of deaths—yes, Monsieur, we are civilized enough to have a register of deaths—they are inscribed as having been killed by lions. Why, I do not know. It was bin Salim himself who made the report, perhaps because he did not desire too much inquiry. But they were not killed by lions. Months afterwards bin Salim himself saw them alive, but he did not recognize them; and the register of deaths still says that a lion has killed them."

The old man broke off to deal with some obstruction in his pipe. When that was arranged to his satisfaction he proceeded.

"Lions are unjustly blamed for many things in Africa," he said complacently. "And this was one of them. Perhaps you have forgotten the young chief who was enslaved, just as old Salim forgot him. But after twenty years that man escaped and came back, and he did not forget. No, Monsieur, I assure you that he did not forget. He returned to his own village, to his own people, and there he waited. He knew he would not have to wait long. He took no heed of old Salim, for what

revenge was there in robbing an old man of the few ha'pence of his remaining years? No, he looked to Salim's two sons to give him his revenge, for they were in the rich golden hours of youth. Thus, when the two boys next came to the district to buy ivory their camp was raided and they were taken away. It was done so neatly and quietly that no one knew what had happened; Salim's two sons had disappeared, that was all; and the paid and trusted underling went back in trembling to tell their father. In the meantime the two boys found themselves before this grim chieftain, who had left his youth in far-away Arabia. He explained his interest in them, telling them in his slow, methodical manner what had happened to him when he was a young man. Then they realized. And I am told they fell down on the ground screaming. Nor is it surprising if they screamed. These natives are abominably thorough in their unpleasantness; and they knew what to expect—everything, that is, except mercy. Monsieur has heard how they make the red ant their executioner. The victim is tied up, and a trail of honey is led towards him; then he is left, and it is not long before he sees the ants come towards him like a seething stream of blood. They eat him alive, Monsieur, literally eat him alive. . . . Perhaps the two boys had that death in their minds when they screamed. But the chief had devised something different, something more suitable to his own particular needs. First he had their tongues slit up, so that they could no longer make an intelligible sound. And then they got to work. They tattooed them. But what a tattooing it was! The needle with the black dye must have pricked them over a million times; day after day they did a little more, until they had tattooed them from head to foot. Yes, Monsieur, they were black when it was done; as black as the natives themselves. Then just a finishing touch was required—the facial disfigurement which these tribes affect—and then they were ready to be sold as slaves. For that is what happened. The chief arranged that the two youths should fall into the hands of Salim's men; it was easy enough, but the price was poor, for old Salim paid little for such weaklings. But that is not quite all. Before they were smuggled away to the coast, Salim himself inspected them, together

with a bunch of others; and when they burbled at him with their slit tongues, he just spat into their black faces, and thus sent them to captivity."

His pipe just lasted the length of his story. He stood up, knocked out the ashes, and stowed the blackened bowl in some mysterious hiding-place within his robes. Then he turned to me with a grave face, and a quaint gleam of amusement in his calm eyes.

"If Monsieur finds Kigoma dull," he said, "it is Monsieur's own fault. The fault of his contemplative powers. There are immense possibilities everywhere. Even here. What I have narrated is an instance of what might happen in Kigoma. But, mind, I don't say it did!"

I looked up in astonishment at this, but he had already turned away and was proceeding down the hill, with his head bowed devoutly over the little book which lay open on his hands. He continued in this attitude until he passed out of my sight at the bottom of the hill; and I don't know to this day whether he was pulling my leg about old Salim or whether it was true.

At all events it had passed an hour away. And, as he said, it was the sort of thing that might happen in Kigoma —even if it didn't.

The Abuse of English Literature in Our Schools

By Stanley Rowland

MANY years' experience has forced me to the conclusion that the attempt to teach English literature, and to form literary taste, on the lines now and for a long time customary in our schools, is not only barren of good results, but productive of almost irremediable evil in all but exceptional cases.

In the first place it is quite impossible for the adult mind of the normal teacher to understand the reaction of a boy's mind to the author he is reading. It is not the teacher's fault. He is doing his best. The mistake lies in overlooking the fact that a boy is a creature of necessarily exiguous mental and emotional experience; even the most modern educational reformers (not excluding such a hard-thinking writer as Mr. H. G. Wells) persistently make the mistake of premising in the young a power of perspective which can only come with an accumulated store of experience rarely acquired before thirty, or even middle age. Educationists are, and have always been, ready enough to admit the existence of different degrees and stages of knowledge-capacity and perceptivity in the young, and accordingly aim at graduating their instruction to suit minds of varying immaturity; but, when it comes to expatiating on the spirit and character of great writers, they seem to ignore the fact that *emotional understanding* is even more conditioned by age and experience than is actual knowledge, and requires infinitely more careful handling.

I have used the term "educationist" advisedly, for I do not hold the teacher responsible. In fact, recognizing as I do the high standard of ability in teachers of to-day, I believe they are many of them perfectly cognizant of the facts stated above, but, so long as English authors are prescribed to be read collectively in class, they cannot help themselves.

The greater part of a thoughtful man's mental life, between the age of twenty and thirty, or even forty, is spent in examining, rejecting, and replacing opinions acquired unnaturally during his mental adolescence; and happy is he if he has retained the vitality, receptiveness, and power of discernment to enable him to do so and escape continuing through life as an unreasoning sort of human gramophone.

It has taken me twenty years to shake off the artificial standards and secondhand prejudices acquired at school (and, unfortunately, intensified in cramming for a degree), to pierce through the muffling shrouds that gagged the breath of genius, and to get back to simple, direct, open-hearted intercourse with the men who are dead, but still speak with a living voice to those whose ears are washed clean of sophistication.

I maintain that all external inculcation of the right attitude of mind to be adopted towards the imaginative creations and great thoughts of literary genius is artificial feeding of the worst possible kind, and is infinitely more pernicious than the cramming of facts of mere knowledge, which all examinations—even those of the most enlightened and reformed modern type—inevitably entail.

The growth of the emotional and moral temperament of a child is a process that must, to be healthy, be self-developed. The obtrusion of adult influence may very easily pervert or destroy this natural growth.

To force prematurely into the minds of boys or girls ideals and standards in advance of their stage of psychic development is to kill the natural growth at the roots, and to substitute a cut flower which, with its full-developed blossom, is no doubt at first sight impressively beautiful, but which before long at the hands of time will become a shrivelled, sapless skeleton. In the case of highly-strung girls this over-taxing of their emotional and ethical capacity may—if not counteracted or neutralized by other influences—result presently, when they are reaching maturity, in a sort of hysterical altruism, or morbid ideal of self-sacrifice, that destroys the healthy balance of the mind; and where it is counteracted by some cause, the reaction is often equally unfortunate.

But, it may be argued, if you withdraw guidance, and,

with it, control, are you not equally risking the perversion of the child through contact with writers whose thoughts are often in advance of his psychic development? (I am not, of course, imagining that under *any* system boys and girls would be allowed entirely unrestricted range of reading. The imaginary question here put refers generally to such authors as would naturally come within the scope of their reading.) The answer to this objection is that the young mind, when it comes in contact *of itself* with ideas beyond its emotional grasp, whether in reading or in ordinary life, as a general rule passes them by; and that there is a natural instinct which, if not interfered with by adult influence, will sufficiently safeguard its immaturity.

Most of the books read in schools to teach appreciation of literature were written by grown-up people for grown-up people. The average adult teacher naturally, and unconsciously, employs his adult mentality and experience in appreciating such works, and in most cases retails to his class a perspective of the author which a boy has not, and cannot have, the experience to grasp.

In life, a boy moves among people of all ages; his experience and character develop most from contact with his equals. At the same time his mental and psychic outlook enlarges itself progressively in contact with older people; and he gradually builds up his scheme of things by taking in what, at each stage of its growth, his mind is capable of, and ignoring that for which it is not ready, and which is therefore—to the normal, healthy boy—devoid of interest.

But in dealing with literature, we do not allow his mind to develop in this natural way, and force him willy nilly to acquire principles and standards which, both in the case of the author and his exponent, are built up on a fully-grown experience.

A schoolmaster of many years' experience was recently inspected while teaching a class Milton's *Comus*—the text prescribed for one of the General Schools Examinations. At the close of the lesson the inspector inveighed in the strongest terms against the barrenness of the teacher's exposition.

The master defended himself at once on the plea that it was impossible to convey to the minds under his charge the inherent beauty of a poem such as Milton's *Comus*. Also, the boys looked to him to secure them success in the approaching examination, and he was following the line that would most surely conduct them to it.

And I say that, in the circumstances, the master was right and the inspector wrong. I am in no way condemning the inspector. His ideals were good. It is the system that renders them futile.

So much for the destructive side. What of the constructive?

First and foremost must come the elimination once and for all of the prescription of special books for examination. Until this is done, all other palliatives and remedies are so much "beating the air."

Secondly—though I am far from being a convert to the extreme go-as-you-please educational modernists—I believe that literary taste, by which I mean a real love and honest appreciation of literature, can only be acquired by boys *by themselves and for themselves*. The reading must be under supervision to a certain extent, but the amount of freedom allowed will be sufficient to give a boy the sense that he is the conductor of his own explorations, a Huckleberry Finn in the glorious, surpriseful paths of the romance of mind, and that all treasure-trove is his very own, and that he can think his own thoughts about it, and build up untrammelled his own vigorous imagination.

It is possible that the experiment of group-reading may, under favourable circumstances, have fruitful results. A form may be split up into small groups of three or four or half a dozen, of similar tastes, on their own initiative, and allowed to read the same author concurrently, so as to have an opportunity of exchanging views on the books read. But I rather doubt the wisdom of set debates, though I admit it is open to experiment in the hands of a teacher who has the rare power of being present without obtruding. The danger lies in the framing of definite views for public production in the case of immature minds, of insufficient knowledge, and with a youthful proneness to sensation and exaggeration. This

often leads to a false assumption of opinions for their own sake, and out of pride a boy may harden himself to stereotype as his view an opinion which was artificial in its inception.

The method I prefer is to allow all reading to be individual, and to leave any discussion to chance and out of school companionship.

The reading will take place in school time, in the class-room, but it will be individual, and silent. The books will be chosen from a well-stocked representative school library; and certain suggestive schemes will be devised to guide, with a loose rein, the explorer (for, after all, the young are mentally very helpless, and lacking in direction, and though the whole trend of this article is against the idea of the adult acting as a rudder and steering the boy's mind, it is impossible to gainsay the necessity in most cases of the teacher putting the rudder ropes into the boy's hands).

All suggestions are so open to objection and misunderstanding owing to the varying circumstances and traditions in schools, and the diversity of mental attitude and practice in the individual teacher, that I hesitate to outline anything in the way of cut-and-dried schemes.

The essential point is to encourage the boys to develop schemes of their own, to specialize in certain authors and subjects, as their inclination moves them, and to build up data and criteria for exercising their judgment. I think much may be done in grouping correlated books, following the practice adopted in adult educational reading circles. In each book might be pasted a list of kindred works and books of reference, and, in certain cases, where it can be done indisputably and without bias, a stemma might be included showing the work's progenitors, descendants, and collateral relations. As much of this work as possible should be done by the boys themselves.

Where annotation is absolutely essential to the understanding of a book, the notes should be added naturally at the foot, or the side, of the page. The aim of such notes would be purely to make the text clear; they would eschew erudition, and all propaganda of criticism, whether traditional or original.

These precautions would obviously be relaxed higher up the school where the boys, after several years of independent reading, will have acquired sufficient self-reliance, personal taste, and independence of judgment to enable them to gauge the relative value of their own and other people's opinions.

Besides this individual, self-cultural (I use the word here for lack of a better; but would, of course, avoid it like poison in the classroom) reading, there is obviously a wide field of general—mainly dramatic *—reading to be explored in common by the class as a whole, by which the practice of reading aloud, with its valuable development of personal sensibility, is encouraged and trained. This training can hardly be better achieved than by a *liberal* reading of plays, especially of Shakespeare, whose observations on human nature are so cosmic, so nobly framed, and intelligible to all, both young and old, that they have become, so to speak, the current coin of experience. But the reading *must* be liberal, and not, as is still too often the case, conducted on pedantic, eruditional lines, that kill the spirit of Shakespeare, and destroy all spontaneous interest and pleasure in the reading.

I was, not long ago, taking *The Tempest* with a class of boys, averaging about fifteen years in age, and we were reading the play, the first time, for the sheer pleasure of it. (How we should have read it the second time I happily need not confess, for I contrived to escape that ordeal!) When we had finished, I proposed that they should individually compile a set of questions—entirely free from the scholastic pedantry with which the normal examination is tainted—to test each other's interest in, and knowledge of, the play read. In most cases it was

* The reading aloud of poetry should also be encouraged; but, here again, individual susceptibilities must be carefully safeguarded. How this can best be achieved must be determined largely by circumstances. Personally, I should be inclined to use private encouragement more than public exhibition; though I admit that recital practice is very desirable, and think that with careful selection of material it may be safely employed.

There is a tendency nowadays to introduce boys, by means of anthologies, to the work of contemporary poets. By all means let them have some acquaintance with modern poetry; but Heaven forbid their being indoctrinated in it by adult enthusiasts.

honestly and naturally done, and I quote entire one set of questions:

1. Give a short sketch of the plot.

2. Give your impressions of Prospero's nature.

3. Under what circumstances did Prospero gain Ariel as his servant?

4. How did Prospero make certain of Ferdinand's love for Miranda?

5. Who were the first inhabitants of the island? Give a description of each.

6. Name the instigators, and describe two plots against Prospero's life. Give the motive underlying each.

7. Give the final scene in detail.

The following are a few questions taken at random from the remaining papers:

Who was Prospero before he came to the island, and why did he leave his native land?

What were the conditions at Milan before Prospero was expelled, and why did he not retain his position as Duke of Milan?

How did Miranda and Prospero come to the island, and why?

What was Prospero's reason for raising the tempest, and by what agency did he raise it?

Why did Sebastian and Antonio plot against Alonso, and how was their plotting foiled?

Who was Antonio? Where was he going when he was shipwrecked?

Who was the worst morally of the three who turned out Prospero, and why?

Describe, with as much detail as possible, Caliban's adventures with Stephano and Trinculo.

Why did Prospero make the path of love so hard for Miranda and Ferdinand?

Suggest another title for the play.

Quote the passage which appeals to you most, and give reasons for your choice.

(*a*) Who was Claribel, and what had she got to do with the play? (*b*) Who was Sycorax? (*c*) Why was Ariel forced to be a servant to Prospero?

Who do you think is the most humorous character in the play? Give examples from the play, verifying your statements.

Outline what you think would have happened if Ferdinand had not loved Miranda.

Do you think Prospero was right in giving absolute pardon to his brother?

If you had written the play, in what way would you have altered it?

I do not claim any exceptional ability for the class in the framing of these questions. I merely quote them

as an interesting illustration of the boys' attitude to a play that they had read with evident pleasure.

This brings me to the remaining question of examinations in general in their bearing on English literature work in schools. To some minds the mere fact of examinations may seem an insuperable obstacle to the common-sense reforms advocated in this paper. I fail to see the insuperability.

All that is needed is to treat the whole subject on liberal lines, allowing every scope for a boy's expression of his individual thought, whereby ample evidence will be forthcoming of his progress and intellectual efficiency; and when, in the higher forms, it becomes necessary to test a boy's definite knowledge and appreciation of our literature, this need not be done by insisting on a rigid adherence to certain individual books, but can be equally achieved by a general paper, coupled with a liberal allowance of choice of special authors and subjects.

When so much of a boy's individuality is perforce "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in the acquisition of knowledge, it would be an incalculable gain, and likely to react most healthily and beneficially on all his other work, if he were allowed full scope for self-development in the inexhaustible treasure-house of English literature, which is, after all, the heritage, the birthright, of every Englishman and every English boy.

The Collapse of Feminism

By Reginald F. Rynd

PERHAPS one of the most remarkable products of the modern spirit of revolt is the Woman's Movement and the immensely extended area of female enterprise that has resulted from it. For years the forces of rebellious feminism had worked silently, waiting, no doubt, for some indication that the leaven had produced a sufficient ferment in the body politic to make open warfare against the reactionaries inevitable.

When war did come, it was with a blast that swept an innocent and unsuspecting country off its feet.

The chief exponents of revolt flung themselves into the fray with a fury that seemed out of all proportion to the merits of the cause. The sense of grievance, carefully fostered by the pioneers of feminism, gave the impression of being more manufactured than real.

The apathy of politicians was destined to be rudely disturbed by outbreaks of aggression so naïve and startling in character as to paralyse the normal operations of the law.

At first the authorities were inclined to regard them with a tolerance born of contempt. But later it became evident that militant feminism was a force that had to be reckoned with. Concrete illustrations of the poet's "*furens quid femina possit*" were of daily occurrence. Brickbats were thrown, windows were broken, churches were set on fire, while the sacred persons of Cabinet Ministers had to seek police protection from the more violent manifestations of female rage.

So short is the public memory that it is almost forgotten in what wild scenes of disorder our gentle sisters called attention to their wrongs. Many were content with civil martyrdom, and languished in gaol. Collisions with the police became almost "common form." Dishevelled amazons vented their puny wrath on stalwart custodians of the public peace, to whom the whole thing

must have been a picnic compared with expressions of public feeling in Poplar or other less-favoured purlieus of the metropolis. Much of the agitation descended to the level of comic opera, while the public, for the most part, gazed with petrified amazement at the unfamiliar scene.

Englishwomen, unlike their Continental sisters, do not take naturally to a rough and tumble, and have little in common with the *petroleuses* of the Commune, who so ably assisted the forces of disorder in Paris in '48.

Apart from physical disabilities, women are hampered by hats, and the general impedimenta of an equipment ill-adapted to warfare.

None the less, we must in common fairness admit that they put up a remarkably good fight, and women showed themselves ready to die for a cause that the rest of an unregenerate world found it very hard to take seriously. They had raised the banner of revolt and they dared men, misguided devotees of the established fact, to wrest it from them.

To men's credit be it said, they made no united effort to do so. They allowed judgment to go by default on a question that had never seemed to them to be of more than second-rate importance. Women got what they wanted, because it had ceased to be worth man's while to withhold it from them.

It is the tragedy of all great causes that they flourish most in opposition.

So soon as the alarums and excursions of war had sounded a new and more terrible tocsin, interest in the woman's question naturally waned, nor has it ever reverted to its pre-war level of public importance. It has come to be regarded as a spent force, a mere academic diversion amid matters of far greater national moment.

The most sacred cause is damped by indifference.

It may, of course, be asserted that no cause can be damped that has been won. What women demanded has been granted to them. We would not willingly rob women of any of the fruits of victory, but it must not be forgotten that it was not in concession to a right justly maintained and nobly demonstrated that women got what they wanted, but rather in the spirit that a bon-bon

is reluctantly yielded to an importunate and petulant child. The nation as a whole had steadily refused to take the movement seriously. It was not felt that the future of civilization was bound up with female suffrage or the establishment of civil equality between the sexes. Prophets of gloom there were who felt that civilization could not stand the racket, that the intrusion of women into the national counsels spelt the doom of society. But of serious opposition there was little enough.

But there were none with sufficient prophetic insight to visualize the actual event. None foresaw that this mountainous labour was to produce a mouse of such very disproportionate dimensions. Two or three women in Parliament, a handful of women on public bodies, a few female doctors, and a Portia or two is all that this fine frenzy, this tremendous epic of militant feminism, has been able to produce.

There are those who tell us that this is only the beginning. A more candid if less kindly criticism might be disposed to regard it as the end. We are possibly witnessing not the inauguration of the era of feminism, but its obsequies.

Nor is the cause for this very far to seek. The movement was foredoomed to sterility when it became apparent that the vast majority of women did not wish for the freedom that was being forced upon them by the militant sisterhood. Nor was the entry of women into Parliament, the crowning achievement of the sex war, heralded with the enthusiasm that generally acclaims the dawn of a new epoch. There was no triumphant pæan of rejoicing that trousered legislators were at last to have the sceptre snatched from their palsied grasp. This monumental innovation, which in a less sophisticated era might have been regarded as the first step in the process of constitutional decay, was the subject of a mild jest or two, a "nine days' wonder," and then it was buried in the obscurity that awaits all causes that do not go to the roots of the public weal.

Women made very little use of the opportunity offered to them. Instead of a "monstrous regiment" invading the sacred benches and putting to flight the forces of reaction, a mere handful of women decorously trod the

historic floor, while their legislative protests were a zephyr compared to the blast that was expected of them.

Nor is it clear that any beneficent changes in public policy have resulted from this devastating departure from constitutional practice. Things are very much as they were, or rather more so, as the Irishman said, and we are left pondering on the strange ways of Providence and wondering if the whole affair is not a comic interlude in matters of more serious public interest.

Never was there a more perfect example of tearing a passion to tatters than this carefully-engineered protest against the alleged wrongs of women. Many a humble-minded seeker after truth is puzzled to know what all the pother was about. Many an ardent reformer is still seeking for evidence of that "oppression" which lashed a few misguided women into such a ferment of revolutionary zeal.

Women as a whole have steadily resisted this conspiracy to "unsex" them. While they have, in some cases, taken advantage of the opportunity offered to them in fields of action hitherto confined to men, they have for the most part kept to the beaten track that custom and tradition have marked out for them. Nor does their success in unfamiliar regions of social and civil action encourage the belief that the area of feminine enterprise should be extended. But this is, perhaps, trenching on dangerous ground.

So far, we have only touched upon the history of the movement. Its remoter field of ethics provides a ground where angels would tread lightly.

A movement is like a man in that it is known by its fruits, and it looks as if the Woman's Movement were doomed to the Nemesis that sooner or later overtakes all attempts to be one up on Mother Nature.

We skirt round the perilous argument that the sexes are physically unequal, and that in this particular the dice have been heavily loaded in man's favour. Many a domestic hearth provides ample evidence to the contrary. Nor is mere physique much to the point. What lies in the way of perfect achievement is spiritual obstruction, not material.

While it is true that we get an occasional metathesis

of the sexes, and men and women are born into a sex to which they do not properly belong, for all practical purposes the sex line is clear and unmistakable. Nor has the attempt to confuse it borne any but dead-sea fruit.

It is not the loss of the conventional picture of womanhood in its milder, more ministerial moods that we deplore. In this respect men have learnt to give as well as receive, and if the sex war has deprived woman of her wings, it has no less deprived man of certain god-like qualities with which a more degenerate age was wont to endow him. It has made him less heroic, but it has made him more human.

Such considerations as these, however, do not go to the root of the matter. It still remains a mystery how two beings that fulfil each other by the contact of opposites, that reach their highest self-expression by the polarity of sex, can be "equal." There are no products of the creative process less equal than man and woman. It is doubtless flattering to man's vanity that women should claim to be on his level, which at least implies a rise and not a descent in the scale of being, but this claim can never touch those qualities that belong to man as man and woman as woman, of which the gods themselves cannot dispossess them.

Nor can woman hope to revolutionize the architectonics of Nature by a mere approximation to the opposite sex, in which she becomes a bad imitation of man, and exchanges qualities that belong to her sex for those that do it violence.

The mere fact that woman can do some of the things that man does, whatever supererogatory merit she may claim for it, no more implies equality as between man and woman than the same principle does between a cat and a dog.

In both, the existence of common characteristics leaves the vast area of difference untouched, and it is safe to affirm that nothing will serve to bridge the gulf short of a new creation. But there are other things that have grown out of this revolt of graver import than the mere psychology of the matter. The young men of to-day are taking woman at her word, and are allowing her to reap the logical fruits of her doctrines, however bitter.

Thus we see men sitting in 'buses and the underground while women stand. Moreover, there has been a distinct decline in the standard of public courtesy.

Chivalry may be an exploded creed, but it added certain spiritual sanctions to life that no age can afford to dispense with altogether.

We do not wish to keep women on a throne that she can no longer occupy with comfort or dignity, but neither do we wish to see her becoming the mere hack of circumstance, or fighting a battle for which she has not been provided with the needful weapons. We love her too much for that, and would protect her from the worst consequences of her lapse from true femininity.

But let us be thankful that Nature and common sense have stepped in to provide the necessary reactions. The dust of battle has settled, and in the calm in which the whole question is now enveloped it is possible to take its true measure.

The cause itself was injured by the violence of its first exponents, mere excrescences of their sex to whom man was the malignant symbol of a tyranny he was blissfully unconscious of exercising. That women should have lost their lives in such a cause is an irony we do not care to contemplate. We can only take refuge in the reflection that, so long as man is man and woman woman, they will continue to develop along the lines that Nature has laid down; nor can the most violent revolutionary zeal avail to deflect them from the path which has led them throughout the ages to find their chief solace in a more perfect understanding of each other.

The Cross-roads

By Geoffrey Brereton

As a weather-worn Unic taxi drew up at the side of the Paris-Saint Germain road, the driver leaned out from his seat and opened the door.

"Nous voici arrivés, madame."

With a faint rustle of crêpe, a middle-aged woman stepped slowly out. She was clothed entirely in black, save for the white under-rim of her stiff French widow's hat.

"Drive on and leave me, André," she said, as she stood on the roadside arranging her skirt. "You can return in half an hour."

When the taxi had gone Madame Faucon stood with bowed head, holding herself with the humble dignity of one who stands on holy ground. Yet the casual eye could find nothing remarkable in the place. The broad, macadamized highway was crossed here by an insignificant gravel road, unmarked by any sign to say where it led. The main road was escorted by high telegraph-poles, one of which stood near the corner among coarse, dusty grass. On the Paris side of the cross-roads were stone walls concealing gardens; on the Saint Germain side hawthorn bushes formed, not a regular hedge, but a ragged and untrimmed screen for two apple orchards. Near by was an overgrown heap of flints, which road-menders had dumped and forgotten.

Madame Faucon stood gazing around her, as though every object of this trivial French cross-road filled her with new and profound thoughts. A stout and ineffectual little figure, she would have been trivial herself if her puffy white face had not been marked with the imprint of some dominating sorrow. And this, perhaps the only deep emotion of her life, was a comparatively recent one.

Her husband had left her comfortably off in an unaired flat on the Quai de Passy. Sheltered and imprisoned by convention, with no interests outside her household, no

friends except women of her own politely dull calibre—absorbed in little things, and ignoring or shrinking from great ones—she had led until four years ago a placid, sheeplike existence, brightened by the company of her only son, Lucien.

Lucien was then fifteen, *externe* of a Paris lycée. Pale-faced and studious, he was not exceptional among other French youths of his age and class—a class whose ample hair is strained back greasily from the forehead, and in whom the pimples of adolescence are too rarely dispelled by strenuous exercise.

But Madame Faucon recalled less his physical appearance than his mannerisms and tricks of character. How he would try to smile back at her through a mist of petulance or fatigue, how he would shut his books with a snap, saying: "C'est assez pour ce soir," and come over to watch her sewing, or to be read to, or to talk.

Four years ago at the end of the *grandes vacances*, on the last Tuesday in September, he had gone off in a car to picnic with some friends in the Forest of Saint Germain. It was to be the last excursion of the holidays. For the next three days Lucien would be at home, finishing some work for the beginning of term, putting his hobbies and holiday relics in order. To those three days Madame Faucon looked forward with joy. She would have him working near her, with her at every meal, able to spend with her all those odd moments for which there was no time in term.

But on the evening of the excursion, while Madame Faucon sat sewing in a window of the stuffy, overfurnished flat, there came the news of a motor accident. Returning from the picnic, her boy and his companions had run into another car at a corner. Lucien was killed, the others scarcely bruised.

When the first days of wild, unreasoning grief were over, her sole interest had been this weekly pilgrimage to the scene of the accident. A doctor who had been present described the spot to her, and, winter and summer, she was taken there by the same taxi-driver, a man who understood the reason for the visit, and who would not trouble her with questions or break in on her meditations by returning too soon. Quite why she came she could not say. She

felt the extreme regard which the French feel for the graves of their dead. But the cemetery was different, it had nothing to do with the live Lucien. She had no very clear ideas, but only a vague faith, to help her in visualizing the life after death. The only definite thing which she could cherish was the memory of her boy in the flesh; and it was here, at the cross-roads, that he had been for the last time the self which she knew and could understand.

Wherefore the place was sacred. Every week it had grown dearer, a closer and closer link between Lucien and herself. She knew almost every tuft of grass on the rank roadside, every notch and mark round the base of the tall telegraph-pole. Nothing in her life had been so familiar as the smooth, efficient surface of the tarmac road, or the pitted and gravel-strewn by-way. She who had always been ignorant of country lore, except to know when certain household fruits and vegetables were in season, knew now on what date hawthorn should bud, when the apple-blossom turned into fruit, when the leaves became tinged, and what the bare twigs looked like under a fall of snow. The heap of flints was her praying stool. If it had been moved she would have felt it a desecration, for sitting there she seemed often to have communed with the spirit of her boy. He was nearer to her there than in the cemetery, or even in his own room at home.

Sorrow is a great purifier, and with Madame Faucon it had worked a miracle. Standing there on the dusty grass of the roadside, she slipped between her breasts a hawthorn sprig which she had gathered and prepared for a very simple and very dignified action. She who had once been conventionally devout, possessed of a colourless, negative virtue—horrified by anything bold or original or noble—knelt down on the open roadside and prayed.

When after a long interval she rose to her feet, a big grey two-seater coming from the direction of Saint Germain drew up beside her with a deep whine. The driver took off his hat—he was wearing a dark overcoat and seemed dressed for the city—and stepped out of the car.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I have often noticed Madame at this cross-roads on my way into Paris, and

always on a Tuesday. I do not wish to intrude, or touch on any cause of sorrow, but it struck me that possibly your presence here had some connection with—with an accident which I witnessed on this road four years ago."

"That is so, Monsieur," said Madame Faucon, in a restrained voice. "Four years ago next Tuesday my son was killed here. He was in a taxi going towards Paris; another car came out of there"—indicating the road on her right—"and the taxi was overturned. Only my son was killed."

"Then the boy was your son!" exclaimed the stranger. "Madame, I am deeply sorry."

Till now he had spoken gropingly, watching her face for any signs of pain which his words might inflict. As she appeared unmoved, he continued more freely:

"I was on my return from business in Paris. I had the misfortune to witness the whole scene. If it is any comfort to you, Madame, your son would feel no pain; he was killed instantly. The accident, however, did not occur here. I remember the date, so I can hardly be mistaken. There is a corner about half a kilometre nearer Paris—not a cross-roads at all—where a single road runs in. The driver of the other car was just turning into the main road, and when he saw the taxi it was too late to stop."

He paused. Madame Faucon gazed at him, hardly comprehending.

"It was not here?" she said slowly. "Think, are you sure? It happened at six o'clock in the evening."

"Then there can be no doubt. From your description, the date, the hour, everything——"

"Thank you, Monsieur," said Madame Faucon. "You have corrected an error which I have cherished for four years. The place was described to me by a doctor who was summoned to the accident—I thought he said a cross-roads."

"He was mistaken, then," said the stranger, as with a feeling of complacency he prepared to get into his car. He had done this poor lady a good service. He had enlightened her as to the real scene of the accident, and had assured her that her son had not suffered. At the

same time he had been able to satisfy his own curiosity. Another thought struck him.

"If Madame is going anywhere on the road to Paris, I should be honoured to drive her there."

"Thank you, Monsieur, but it is not necessary. My own car is somewhere about. Ah! it is returning now."

"Then, Madame, may I leave you my profound and heartfelt sympathy? I am pleased to have been of some slight service."

He bowed and got into the car. Madame Faucon watched him drive off, self-possessed, urbane, a model of good breeding and tact. She hated him.

She entered the taxi which was coughing and quivering beside her.

"André," she said, as he was letting in the clutch, "the accident was not here. Stop at the first turning on the way to Paris. I must look at it."

When they had started she felt something leafy in her bosom. She pulled out a crushed hawthorn sprig and threw it from her. It meant nothing now. All that memory and association had hallowed for her meant nothing. All her prayers, too, had been misguided; all the consolation which had seemed to come as she sat on the heap of flints had been false, an illusion born of her own mind.

André was stopping the taxi.

"This is the place, Madame," he said.

She scarcely looked at it. A neglected road between hedges ran into the main road. The other car, then, had come out of there. It had run into Lucien's taxi on the very spot where they were now standing. She could not picture it; it was like repeating a lesson of history.

"Drive on," she said, and pulled up the window.

* * * * *

The next Tuesday was the anniversary of Lucien's death, to Madame Faucon a day of deep sorrow tinged with something like triumph. For the last two years she had been lifted on this day above her normal state of monotonous grief. There was the excitement of a great, if melancholy, occasion.

She had visited the cemetery early, and was now driving out towards Saint Germain with a small bunch of

chrysanthemums. She seldom took flowers to the place of the accident. She went more for what she could bring away than for what she could bestow. But to-day was an exception.

She sat without noticing the miles, or the roadside panorama which flowed by, until André slowed down and stopped jerkily. The old formula:

"Nous voici arrivés, Madame."

She looked out; for the moment she was still with her thoughts. Where was this strange spot? What was this odd by-way which peered into the main road as though seeking its companion?

"Arrivés?" she repeated.

Then she remembered. They said that this was where her boy had been killed. She had come out to honour Lucien's day. How could she honour a foreign patch of roadside which she never noticed before, which no emotion had made sacred, nor sorrow familiar?

André was holding the door open for her. She pointed to the driver's seat.

"Get back into the car," she said, "and drive on to the cross-roads."

The Rebel

By Vera Wheatley

I WALKED on the hill-top on Sunday, on Sunday,
The bells pealed below me from valley and plain;
I walked to gain courage for work-a-day Monday,
To the hill-tops, the lone lands, the bells called again.

Mayhap in the churches they prove Him, they prove Him,
The preachers say one day their God we shall see—
I see Him, I feel Him, I know Him, I love Him,
When out on the hill-top God preaches to me.

And down in the churches the people, the people,
Sit tightly in rows just like peas in a pod;
"And, oh, you're a heathen," comes up from each steeple,
"Who walk on the hill-top to commune with God!"

Guaranteed Employment for Boys

Air Ministry Apprenticeships

By Lt.-Col. W. Lockwood Marsh

I HAVE had occasion to criticize in the ENGLISH REVIEW what I believe to be the Air Ministry's mistaken policy in neglecting to organize a separate branch for engineer officers in the Royal Air Force, but I have nothing but praise for the admirable organization which has been built up at Halton, near Aylesbury, since the war for the tuition of boy mechanics. The camp at Halton is known officially as "No. 1 School of Technical Training (Boys)," and has grown up in the grounds of a mansion belonging to a member of the Rothschild family, who, I believe, lent it rent free to the Air Force towards the end of the war, and after the Armistice generously sold it to them for a purely nominal sum representing the house and estate at little more than the value as agricultural land. The officers on the staff are therefore housed extremely comfortably, while the barracks are situated on the slopes of the Chilterns, facing one of the finest views in the home counties. I have given this brief note on the history of the acquisition of the property by the Air Ministry, because it has from time to time been the subject of ill-informed criticism from "economy" sleuths, who are not aware of the facts.

Halton was established because the Air Ministry rightly came to the conclusion that it would be more economical and generally satisfactory to get hold of a boy while young and give him his technical education themselves, than to compete in the labour market for skilled mechanics already trained. The system adopted also has the advantage that a boy learns early in his career the idea of applying general engineering principles to the specific requirements of aeronautics.

Apart from candidates who have special claims owing to their fathers' services in H.M. Forces, there are two methods of entering Halton: by "open" competitive examination, and by "limited" competition among candidates nominated by local educational authorities or by school governing bodies. Some time ago I happened

to mention to a high education official my admiration for the system of technical education in force at Halton, and its manifold advantages from a parent's point of view, and was amazed to find that he had no idea of its thoroughness. Since then I have made various inquiries and have been driven to the conclusion that the majority of the Secondary School headmasters in the country ignore the scheme, when advising parents as to a career for their boys. This explains the fact, which I understand to be the case, that, instead of, as one would expect, being overwhelmed with applications, the Air Ministry are only getting about two candidates for every vacancy, and consequently the standard of entries is not as high as it might be. As I am convinced of the great importance of the scheme in a time of industrial stagnation like the present, when the difficulty of finding an opening giving an assured future to a boy is a cause of great anxiety to every parent, I feel justified in bringing the matter to the attention of readers of the ENGLISH REVIEW, and through them, I hope, of the educational authorities and parents. I should like it, however, to be quite clearly understood that this article is not in any sense propaganda for the Air Ministry, but is written simply because I have been very much impressed with the wonderful opportunities the scheme gives to an intelligent boy, compared with the alternatives of apprenticeship to a trade in civil life or continued attendance at a Secondary School.

In the first place, apprenticeship usually means the payment of a premium with little or no earnings during the term of articles, in addition to which the boy has to live at home or pay for his keep elsewhere. An apprentice, also, gains purely practical experience and receives no instruction in the theoretical side of his trade. At a technical school, on the other hand, though a boy receives excellent theoretical education, the opportunities for practical instruction are frequently somewhat limited, and it is usually necessary for a term of apprenticeship to follow. Now, from the day a boy enters Halton he receives both practical and theoretical instruction entirely free, and is clothed, equipped, housed, and fed at the sole expense of the State, in addition to receiving all necessary school books gratis. He furthermore is paid, and payment for going to school must be almost unique in the

annals of education, the sum of seven shillings a week, which is raised to ten shillings at the end of the first two years of the three years' course. As I have already hinted, the instruction is divided into two sections: theoretical education in school, and practical training in the workshops. For the former a staff of forty civilian instructors is maintained, who are all very highly qualified men with university or equivalent degrees, some of whom have had experience as masters at various Public Schools. The qualifications of these men have only to be studied in the Air Force List to realize what a high standard of education is given, and the fact that the two thousand boys are divided into three sections shows that the average size of a class cannot exceed sixteen, which is sufficient evidence that the authorities have appreciated the importance of individual attention.

The boys are taught, under the generic heading of "English," history and geography (from a specifically Imperial point of view), and general literature. The technical subjects include engineering drawing, statics and dynamics, theory of internal combustion engines and magnetos, aeronautics, meteorology and electricity, and cover in general the various aspects of engineering which come into the design of aeroplanes and their accessories. Each boy spends eight hours a week in school and sixteen hours in the workshops. These latter are under the control of R.A.F. officers, and staffed by Air Force mechanics picked from the 36,000 in the Service for their aptitude at the various trades taught. Here a boy is taught the practical side of a trade concurrently with his education in the theoretical aspect of it in school hours. Owing to the fact that both the "open" examination and the "limited" examination (which is held under the immediate direction of the local educational authority or school, though the papers are set and corrected by the Air Ministry) require a fairly high standard of knowledge in either mathematics, experimental science, heat, electricity, or chemistry, it is possible for the boy to specialize almost immediately he arrives at Halton. Consequently the classes he attends and the practical work he is taught are both directed to making him proficient in one trade; the trades taught being woodwork, fitting, coppersmithing, electrical and wireless, and instrument making.

Each "section" (of about seven hundred boys) is divided, following the general Air Force organization, into "Squadrons" and "Flights," the latter of which may be said to be the unit of the Training School Administrative Organization. Each Flight contains about twenty-five boys who—and herein, I think, lies the genius of the system—are all learning the same trade and live and "mess" together, so that they are identified by a common interest. Each Flight is divided into two classes, the one receiving practical instruction in the workshop, while the other is "at school," and vice versa. For the first year they are taught the general work of their trade, and during the remaining two years, while still continuing their general instruction, they learn at the same time the application of the trade to aircraft. During his last two years at Halton, for example, a boy learning to be an aero-engine fitter sees and learns the actual running, overhauling, repairing, and testing of aero-engines. The Air Ministry state in one of their publications that the standard of instruction is similar to that of a good technical school maintained by a local educational authority, and, when one considers that boys are taught the complete process of designing, building, erecting, and trueing-up an aeroplane with all its innumerable component parts, including the engine, it is impossible to describe this as other than an extremely modest claim.

The Air Force were in the unfortunate position at the end of the war (as is conveniently ignored by critics of their expenditure on works and buildings) of being housed almost exclusively in temporary wooden and iron erections, most of which would unhesitatingly have been condemned as unfit for human habitation by any medical officer of health. The boys at Halton are now, fortunately for them, reaping the benefit of this and living in new buildings, which are an enormous advance on any other barracks in the country—a fact which cannot but react beneficially on their physical welfare and efficiency. Thanks to that excellent body, the Navy, Army, and Air Force Institution—affectionately known to the Services as "Naafi"—they also have rooms for their leisure hours equipped on a scale and with a degree of comfort which would make any Public-school boy green with envy. Each "section" has its own barrack block in which are

a large recreation room with billiard tables, and all manner of other indoor games, a refreshment room and a reading room. There is also a remarkably well-selected library of fiction and general literature, the volumes of which may be taken out on loan, and in the reading room a reference library of technical works with which the boys may do private reading in the evening. Each boy has a locker over his bed in the dormitory, in which he keeps his school books and any library books he may have at the moment, as well as various items of equipment. In the grounds are a variety of playing fields, including a golf course, and, according to the list given in the Air Ministry publication already quoted, the devotee of every known game—except winter sports and such Americanisms as base-ball and lacrosse—appears to be catered for. Taking it all round, the social conditions of life at Halton may be taken to be those of a Public School, combined with the amenities of a well-equipped village club and free library.

And what, it may be asked, does all this lead to? At the end of two years and three months a boy takes the "passing-out" examination (though he remains on at Halton for another nine months) on which depends the actual rank in which he enters the Air Force proper. That is to say, according to the result of this examination, which is both "paper" and practical, he will join a squadron as an Aircraftman Second-class, Aircraftman First-class, or Leading Aircraftman, which corresponds roughly to Lance-Corporal in the Army. A boy who does exceptionally well in this final examination may be selected for a further intensive nine weeks' course in the duties of a non-commissioned officer, at the end of which he goes straight to a squadron (at the age of eighteen) as a full Corporal. In addition to this a limited number (not exceeding twelve in any one year) of the top boys go on to the Royal Air Force Cadet College at Cranwell and become commissioned officers. There are, of course, systems of giving commissions from the ranks in the two older Services, but only, I think, to non-commissioned or warrant officers after years of service. I imagine that the opportunity of taking a commission straight from preliminary training, without ever actually serving in the ranks, is unique. A boy chosen in this way pays none of

the usual fees at the Cadet College, and is therefore educated and maintained entirely free for five years, from the time he enters Halton from a Secondary School until he leaves Cranwell as a pilot with a commission. I do not think I can be accused of exaggeration when I assert that there is no other start in life which can be given by a working-class parent to his son to-day to equal, for the prospects it holds out, that of entering him at Halton. A factor which I understand militates against the seizing of this opportunity by a large number of parents is their fear of the dangers of flying. The answer to this is, that the rank and file of the Royal Air Force do not fly. Their duty is to remain on the ground in the workshops maintaining the aeroplanes and engines in a fit condition for flight. On passing out from Halton a certain number of boys are allowed to volunteer for training as airmen-pilots, but only with their parents' consent. Apart from these, and the twelve who are selected annually to go to Cranwell for training as officer-pilots, the boys entering the Air Force from Halton will, save in a small proportion of cases, spend practically the whole of their service career on the ground.

After leaving Halton, service in the Air Force is for twelve years (the last two of which may be in the reserve), during which a man continues to gain experience at the trade he was taught when a boy mechanic. If he does not wish to sign on for a further twelve years after this, he leaves the Service at the age of thirty an experienced draughtsman, motor mechanic, cabinet-maker, metal-worker, instrument maker, electrician, or wireless operator with qualifications which should enable him to find well-paid employment in civil life without difficulty. In times of trade "boom" the arguments for "apprenticing" a boy to a trade at Halton would be cogent; at a time of trade depression like the present, the arguments for adopting this course—and thus ensuring him continuous employment for a total of fifteen years in a "sheltered" industry—seem unanswerable. The only criticism of the scheme I have heard is that it is, from the taxpayer's point of view, expensive. With that I am not for the moment concerned. I am simply urging here its extraordinary interest to parents.

Some Common Foot Troubles

By Dr. L. C. Dundas Irvine

ONE of the most amazing things in our civilized world to-day is the ubiquity of mal-formed feet. It is no exaggeration to say that from 75 to 85 per cent. of men and women over forty years of age are in pain from their feet for an aggregate of some two months in every year.

Why should this be? Our feet are designed to walk on, they should give us no more trouble than our hands; and yet an absolutely perfect foot, straight, well-arched, sans corns, sans bunions, sans in-growing toe-nails—sans any painful or ugly part, is almost rare enough to put in a museum.

An analysis of the main deformities places them in three groups, one commonest by far in women, one commonest in men, and one more or less equally divided between the sexes. Women suffer more from squeezed and displaced toes, particularly the big toe, which sometimes lies right across the foot under or over the others. Men are the common victims of flat foot. Both equally are tortured by corns. Why?

The foot is a complicated mechanism composed of bones meshing with each other as in a jig-saw puzzle, to allow almost complete absorption of shock combined with flexibility and strength. It is usually described as consisting of two arches, one running longitudinally from the ball of the big toe to the heel, the other transversely across the centre of the foot. In a bridge, or a roof, the arch is held together by forces thrusting or pulling horizontally, preventing the tendency to spread outwards that any weight in the centre of the arch must exert. In the foot stout bands of tissue fastened to the balls of the toes and to the heel perform this function, and are reinforced by the "guides" or tendons of two powerful calf muscles which cross X-fashion under the sole of the foot, and come into action at once on walking or running, but are lax as a rule when standing.

Now we come to a possible answer to the conundrum, "Why is flat foot commoner in men than in women?"

Study any infant or any uncivilized savage. Are they ever seen standing for long? Never. A child or a savage does not stand, he sits or squats on his heels. Is it not possible that the heel is not a bone meant to *stand* on but rather a lever to impart to the foot the pull of the main muscles of the foot? It is right to walk on it, for then the tendons of the calf muscles mentioned above come into play, and reinforce the structures in the sole of the foot; but it must be wrong to stand on it.

Yet to imagine rows of people squatting on the pavement while they wait for their buses is beyond us. If standing is the cause of collapse of the arch, how can it be prevented?

By raising the heel of the foot the distribution of the weight of the body is completely altered. It is no longer evenly divided between the two pillars of the arch, but is brought forward, and by far the greater part of it passes through the foot to the toes.

By observing the amount that the heel is raised naturally by a man wanting to walk quietly, i.e. the amount allowing of greatest absorption of shock combined with ease in walking, one finds that the average height is about one and a half inches.

Here, then, is an answer to the difference in the sexes of the incidence of flat foot. Men wear low heels, women high. Men have flat foot frequently, women not to anything like such an extent.

In men with low heels the weight is distributed almost evenly forward and backward, and prolonged standing, the tense tissues being unreinforced, produces a lengthening of the foot and a flattening of the arch. In women, healthy women, with high heels, the weight almost all passes down to the toes, there is the minimum of strain on the tense tissues of the sole and the arch is preserved.

The argument has been cut very short for reasons of space, but enough has been put, I hope, at least to allow the reader to say, "There is something in it."

Why, then, squeezed toes in women and not in men?

With the raised heel there is a steep incline towards the toes down which the foot must slip at every stride,

unless it is held back. In man the incline is there but is much less, and a man's foot is firmly held back by the laces of his shoe or boot. In women laces are very rare, the one or two straps across the instep that are fashionable cannot possibly hold the foot back, and it slides forward until it is brought up by the squeezing of the toes into the toe-cap. The bigger the shoe, the less will be the holding back and the greater the squeezing of the toes. The higher the heel, the worse the strain on the toe-cap.

Corns are caused by pressure and friction. Pressure without friction never raises a corn. It is the rubbing of the foot as it slides down the incline from the heel and into the toe-cap, and is withdrawn again slightly in raising the foot from the ground, that causes corns.

What are the steps, then, to take to obtain ease of foot, the absence of pain which would make life's problems so much less obtrusive ?

Firstly, a heel that is never less than one and a half inches high or more than two inches; secondly, a foot well braced back round the instep, firmly laced in so that it cannot slide; and, thirdly, a shoe that fits like a glove, softly yet firmly, rigid where it should be rigid and yet flexible enough to allow absolutely free movement to all the little intrinsic muscles of the foot, where lack of use spells wasting, and wasting collapse of the foot, the pieces of the jig-saw puzzle falling out of place even ever so little and causing an infinity of pain.

Such shoes don't exist, you say. Possibly not, or, anyway, in very few shops, but they can be made. Moreover, they can be made neat and smart, even if the banishment of the strap shoe from our list means that they cannot at the moment be fashionable. Surely the absence of pain is worth more than fashion, and surely, too, a neat laced shoe on ladies looks better than a strap one that only too obviously conceals a bunion !

Considerations of space throughout this short article have made it necessary to be very incomplete in the argument. Many painful feet are not due to shoes at all, but to some diseased condition in the body, but the majority of the sufferers would walk out of their troubles when they walked out of their wrongly-balanced, wrongly-built shoes.

Youth and Imperialism

By Charles Greenwood

(*Member of Central Council, Junior Imperial League*)

AT a time when the eyes of the nation are fixed with hopeful gaze on its younger generation, it may well be of more than usual interest to determine the attitude of that generation towards the greatest of all human institutions —the British Empire.

It may be said at once that there is much in Imperialism that strikes harmonious chords in youthful hearts, whilst the mental and moral stimulation that it provides is undoubted.

The average English boy and girl are patriotic by instinct, and turn with something of enthusiasm to those great deeds, enshrined in the pages of history, which may perhaps be described as the inspiration of Empire. There is a glamour, a vision of heroic achievement, in the building of Empire that captures their eager imagination and stimulates that innate pride of race which rises triumphant above the distinctions of class and creed. The appeal of Imperialism to youth is thus a factor which cannot be over-estimated in its value to the nation.

The interest thus aroused is often, however, rather superficial than deep. Nothing gives a child greater pleasure than painting a world map red, or waving a Union Jack as a band plays martial airs. When that child attains adolescence, its mind, imperially, has developed little further. It appreciates the majesty and glory of Empire, and resents with scorn any imputation of a lack of patriotism. Youth is, however, more fond of the privileges of Empire than of the responsibilities.

This, of course, is natural, and may be traced to a double source—the inevitable tendency of the undeveloped mind towards irresponsibility (a tendency not restricted to adolescents), and the lack of means whereby the sense of duty, an essential ingredient of true Imperialism, can be firmly rooted in youthful characters.

Assuming without question that an imperial youth is a vital necessity to the maintenance of the prestige of an imperial nation, how may it best be achieved?

One of the primary characteristics of the average boy

or girl is to avoid all possibilities of sustained endeavour or of concentration.

To the multitude the spirit of true Imperialism does not come spontaneously—it must be carefully tended in its various stages of development till the spark becomes a flame, and the flame a torch, which may shed a reassuring light on dark and troubled days.

Chief among all the organizations whose main object is to arouse the Empire spirit amongst our young people is the Junior Imperial and Constitutional League. It is an association with hundreds of branches, with hundreds of thousands of members. Day in and day out it seeks to mould the rising generation so as to ensure their development into honest and genuine imperialists.

Working in the interests of that league teaches one both the instability of youthful enthusiasm and its abiding and instinctive patriotism. Just as one becomes inclined to despair of ever inducing the members of a branch to realize that pleasure is not the ultimate aim and object of an Englishman's existence, by chance the right note is struck, and the response is overwhelming.

The impression gained is difficult to define, but on the whole it is encouraging. One realizes that deep down in the heart of nearly every one of our boys and girls there lies the true spirit of Imperialism, sometimes dormant, sometimes active, but seldom lacking altogether.

This spirit in many cases is suppressed or overridden by garish nothings that dazzle the eyes of youth, but with care it may be brought to a splendid maturity.

There exist to-day many agencies that have for their avowed object the seduction of youth from all that must be honoured by the true Imperialist. Socialist Sunday Schools, the Young Communist League, and similar organizations are persistently working to poison the wells of youthful minds and inculcate a doctrine that implies the betrayal of country and Empire.

The propaganda of these alien forces increases the burden of responsibility laid upon those who are labouring in the Imperial interest.

Faith in the loyalty of the future citizens of the Empire must not prevent us from realizing that the forces of disloyalty are untiring, and that the obstacles to be overcome are many.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The Fasting Craze

"See that chap gone out?" said Heddle, pointing to a figure disappearing through the doorway.

"Him with the Alderney profile and the outhrage of a hat?" replied Sergeant Murphy. "To be sure I do. Why, what's wrong with him beyond the size of his ears?"

"Oh, nothing wrong. Only he's just been telling me that he hasn't tasted solid food for a week, and he's strong enough to push a bus over."

"To be sure he is. They all are," said the sergeant complacently. "But he's only in the infant class. What's a week? Why Lady Somethin' has just finished her sixth week fastin' and is able to jazz twelve hours a day."

"What beats me," said Heddle with a shudder of horror, "is what they do it for."

"Don't you know?" asked the sergeant in surprise. "Why it's the latest developmint of dhrugless healin', and it's doin' such good work, they say, that directhors of life insurance companies will shortly be dhraggin' people out of their homes to sign on the dotted line.

"A chap like you, Heddle, spindin' sthrenuous days at the beer pump, can't undherstand what it means to people of laysure to be as healthy as a dhrayman. The fellah that's busy hasn't time to worry about his health. But the man that has nothin' to look forward to but a life of amusement needs good health for that same and is willin' to thry anny new stunt wanst.

"We've had deep breathin', which did good work. We thried a fruit diet till it gave us colic. We listened to that Coué fellah and kept on muttherin' things to ourselves till the owners of private loonatic asylums began to extind their primises. We took up the sun bath threatmint, as far as the Decency Laws and the bashfulness of the sun in these parts permitted. We sampled the cold wather cure and the hot wather cure. We thried every new remedy that came up, and still we weren't satisfied.

"Thin at last some fellah discovered the starvation threatmint and told the worruld of its magic effects. It's the best yet. It cures annythin' from adenoids to hammertoe. It keeps you slim. It privints the ould man with the scythe from workin' overtime on you. And this without the use of the knife.

"You didn't know that eatin' is the cause of all ill-health. Well, it is. The innimy, it is the stomach. Man digs his grave with his teeth, be they his own or on the deferred system. Hince the thousands of min and women that throt into the Ritz and call for the mineral wather menu and the thravellin' cigarette waggon. They're bringin' their heart and/or lungs back to ninety-eight-point-four.

"It's the same all through the counthry. You can tell be the row the purveyors are makin' over it. They're bleatin' as hard as they can: 'Eat more fish or meat or fruit, etc.,' and they get medical min to certify that the human frame can't hold together without a daily wedge of cheese, eggs, bloaters, brawn, calves-foot jelly, and what not down to tapioca puddin', which I take, Heddle, to be the meanest contribution to human food that was ever made. But they're beatin' the air. The starvation hobby has come to stay. In fact, people are payin' to be shown how to do it properly. There's a fellah in Vienna just now who's givin' a starvation recital in a glass case in wan of the big halls, and thousands of min and women are rollin' up every day to pick up hints from him."

"Ever tried it yourself?" asked Heddle.

"Me? Why of course I have. Whin I came out of the Army in 1919 I was eighteen months before I got a job, and me and the missus did a semi-starvation stunt for about half that time, not bein' on the dole, havin' no pinsion, and not likin' to throuble the Guardians."

"That's not the same thing."

"It is not," said the sergeant. "But it was near enough to satisfy me. And havin' wanst played the game as a profissional, I refuse to apply for reinstatemint as an amachoor. So annywan that likes can starve—but without me."

To a Friend Proved Disloyal

By Muriel Kent

I HAVE a tally of your friendship's way.
Your gracious words, your frank, endearing air
I marked for joy—and not for reckoning day.

I count my score that now is grown so long,
And cast the total with an eager care—
For shall not these outweigh a single wrong?

But you, who gave with lavish, careless hands,
And kept no counterfoil of debt or gain,
You cannot tell with whom the balance stands . . .

So let me prove the sum, this once, for you:
That I am still your debtor will be plain,
Since all I had was yours and all your due.

If Honour whispers, "But for merchandise
He used your faith, and trust, and your good name—"
To that harsh taunt how swiftly love replies:

"No heart may give and hold as well." Ah, friend,
You see that Love will only plead your claim—
Retains me as your debtor to the end!

Meditation from Marcus Aurelius

By Benvenuta Solomon

Exiles

"DEAR city of Cecrops!"—'twas an exile's cry,
Remembering the land that gave him birth.
And wilt not thou "Dear city of Zeus!" reply,
O exile upon earth?

IV. 23.

The Triumph of Tchehov

By Horace Shipp

Uncle Vanya. (Duke of York's.)
The Three Sisters. (Barnes.)
From Morn to Midnight, by Georg Kaiser. (Regent.)

NOTHING in the theatre can be of more interest than the triumph of Tchehov, which has continued in crescendo during the past few months. Some of us remember the reception accorded to *The Three Sisters* when it was produced for a single performance six or seven years ago. The audience—picked one though it were—drifted from confusion and amazement to open amusement; the critics were discouraging or derisive. Tchehov, we were led to understand, was not for the English temperament. The same play during its lengthy revival at the little Barnes Theatre has been playing to packed houses; the Press has exhausted its adjectives of adulation; the performances have been received in an almost reverential silence in the playhouse. The same triumph has attended *Uncle Vanya* which, after a success at the experimental Barnes house, was transferred to a large West End theatre and continued to draw thrilled audiences; whilst *Ivanhof* went from the Stage Society production into a normal run, and *The Seagull* had a like reception. Tchehov is almost in danger of becoming a fashionable craze.

Those of us who hailed the early production may well take the opportunity to indulge in some theatrical valuation. Why do we think, why have we always thought these quietly-toned dramas of Russian middle-class life worth a hundred of the crook dramas, thrill dramas, and comedies of dull infidelity which form so large a part of the theatrical fare, and which are so glibly assumed by commercial managers to be the only things likely to draw? Why did we find *Uncle Vanya* entertaining in the true sense of that abused word?

Analysis reveals the fundamental factors both in the matter and manner of art. In the first place of consideration, Tchehov, without having any didactic or social axe to grind, writes plays for people with matured adult intelligence, and bases them, therefore, upon a theme rather than upon a story. That clumsy criterion alone cuts out something more than 50 per cent. of the current plays in the London theatre, which to do them justice

would make no claim to do more than tell a story in a way sufficiently convincing to hold the unadventurous attention of their patrons. Tchehov assumes that we are interested in the broad philosophic problems of human desires and will, of what life is and whither it is trending. He propounds, indeed, the question which every thinking person asks at intervals: Is life worth living? He asks: What are your values in life, and are they satisfying? He queries: Are we happy? He answers by presenting a group of people living out their ordinary existences, with the conflict of wills and desires, and differentiated from the mass of us only in that the dramatist has succeeded in making them articulate. Out of that presentation grows an overwhelming impression of futility and restlessness, of wasted lives and unfulfilled desires, or of desires fulfilled only to reveal their vanity. There emerges, too, a series of portraits of individuals so poignant as to stir the deepest emotions as well as to give us the clearest insight into human character and motives, and to yield us too that knowledge of the essential loneliness of the individual human mind pursuing its own yearnings.

Here, then, is life, presented in the terms of art. It is clarified so as to be the more comprehensible, but it is never falsified. The picture is stripped of irrelevancies, but it is only the more significant. It is realism made perfect by the selective power of the artist who can choose just exactly those elements which convey the truth. In situation, in characterization, in dialogue, in theme itself, this is Tchehov's method, and it is this revealing and significant realism which gives his work a meaning entirely lacking in the easy magazine stuff with which we are contrasting it.

The easy objection that such a truthful contemplation of the elements of life as we live it constitutes a depressing spectacle omits the accompanying exaltation which we must always have in considering any great work of art. The subject may in itself be pitiful or terrible; the ideal presentation of it which the artist achieves is itself so complete a consciousness, and therefore conquest, that we cannot but be exalted to his godlike plane even whilst we are moved to sympathy with the puppets of his creation. Anyone who has had the stirring of the spirit in such moments as that when the three sisters sat huddled

together in their moment of acceptance of the futility of their lives, or has sunk back into the painless apathy of existence when the disturbing Alexander and Helena have gone at the end of *Uncle Vanya*, or has agonized with Constantine, or grasped at the hopeless hope of Nita in *The Seagull*, will have lived those moments on the high places of human consciousness. During those moments and many others throughout the plays we exist in complete understanding sympathy with the great movements of human life, our emotions and our minds functioning to their utmost. The artist has fulfilled his task.

The production and acting of these plays, as we have been seeing them, are as near perfection as we are likely to see in the theatre of our time. The balanced acting and clear interpretation have left nothing to be desired. The actual production by Theodore Komisarjevsky has given every tone and every value which Tchehov could have put into the plays. He aimed at keeping the note of significant realism, which is the keynote of the plays; to this end the background of ordinary life from which the incidents detached themselves and into which they merged again, the easy coming and going of characters, his scenery, and his lighting which only was allowed to come from its natural sources, were a triumph of the producer's art. It was beautiful and perfect work.

If I add a note upon a play and production governed by different methods, it is that we should not allow admiration to stultify us. Kaiser's expressionist play, *From Morn to Midnight*, is entirely other: it is supremely interesting in its own genre; it offers Mr. Claude Rains the opportunity for a magnificent piece of acting, and its failure to attract a paying house is a condemnation of our play-going public. Here is no attempt to depict life realistically, but rather to present a series of highly-coloured pictures, with an arbitrary choice, a vehement underlining of ideas. It is a dynamic play. It shows a man suddenly torn up from the usual slow rhythms of his days and hurled against great and terrible experiences. This, too, is inquiring into root values of civilization as we know it and life as we live it, and makes a worthy contrast to the Tchehov plays in this wide art of the theatre, which can be so revealing if we have ears to hear and eyes to see.

A Novel Competition

1st Prize. Books to the value of £5
2nd " " " " £2
3rd " " " " £1
(to be chosen by the winner from any Publisher's List).

PRIZES are offered for the selection of the most notable passage, not exceeding 150 words in length, occurring in any speech, sermon, or article delivered or published in English, between the 15th March and 15th of the current month (April).

The conditions of entry are as follows:—

1. The full name and address of the competitor must be written upon the form below and attached to the page of the paper (the name and date of which must be visible) in which the speech, sermon, or article appeared, with the selected passage clearly marked. A passage selected from a Review or Magazine may be copied out, but the name and date of the publication must be stated.
2. Entries must be received, addressed to the Editor, THE ENGLISH REVIEW, 4 Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W., not later than the 16th of each month.
3. The decision of the Editor will be final.

Consideration will be given severally to the style or quality of expression, the importance of the subject matter, and the forcefulness of the appeal, whether to the patriotic, moral or artistic instincts of the audience or readers.

The names of the successful competitors and the passages selected will be published in the following number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

NAME.....
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS.....

DATE OF POSTING.....

Results of Our First Competition

THE selections sent in cover a wide range of subjects, from a journalist on Monte Carlo to a bishop on religion. Generally, they were more engaging in matter than in manner. No one writes like Walter Pater in this age of hurry, nor are we in love with the "purple patch." It is more important to have something worth saying. But, while conscious artifice is undesirable, there is a graceful way in writing, as in other arts. A good writer, like a good conversationalist, gains by the apt choice and contrast of the words he employs. Yet he must remember that, as Stevenson says, he "works in the dialect of life," and depends on "the freshness and immediacy of his address to the public mind." He often forgets that simplicity is one of the greatest of charms; he falls easily into that common and popular exaggeration of feeling, sentimentalism. He shouts to be heard better, when a quiet tone would be more effective. Superlatives are often superfluous. We regret that the simple and moving speech of Mr. Rosslyn Mitchell on housing in Scotland is outside our time-limit, and so not eligible. A passage on Queen Victoria, of 200 words, is also out of court. These instances may serve to remind competitors that the limits of dates and of words, which are clearly explained, must be observed. Not to waste time, they should count carefully the number of words in the passage they send, and make a note of the total at the end.

1st Prize.—Mr. W. C. Brooks, 46 St. Michael's Road, Headingly, Leeds.

The Yorkshire Post, Feb. 23rd, leading article on "A Man's Philosophy of Life"—an address by the Rev. Bernard Heywood, Vicar of Leeds:—

"Whether a man accept authority, as Christians do, or gazes alone into the abyss of doubt, as agnostics do, the philosophy of life which he embraces, and which inspires him, still turns in its relation to happiness upon his own attitude to being. If he is amused, inspired, awed, thrilled, or in any way moved by the spectacle to which the gift of existence for too brief a space has admitted him, if he is interested in the play and interplay of circumstance and personality which is unfolded before him and in which he himself participates, he cannot be other than grateful to the Unknown that he lives. Birth and life are acts of grace, with all the adornments that the same grace gives to living. Realizing this a man is happy, no matter what befalls him. Questioning this, happiness escapes him."

2nd Prize.—Mr. CHAS. E. REYNOLDS, 98 Dryburgh Avenue, Rutherglen, Glasgow.

Mr. St. John Adcock in the *Church of England Newspaper*—Feb. 19th:—

"Books are magic mirrors in which we may look and see the past and all the life of the past that is dead for those who have not learned to find this way back to it. They annihilate space and bring the ends of the earth together under our own roof. They help us to understand the lives and needs of men and women whose lives and needs are altogether different from ours. Not ill-will, but our ignorance of each other has, I believe, been responsible for most of the wrongs and rebellions that have troubled the world. And a reading of history, biography, travel, fiction goes a long way toward remedying that ignorance and bringing us nearer to a sympathetic understanding of our neighbours."

3rd Prize.—Miss M. HIELD, 33 Princes Gardens, S.W.7.

Mr. E. T. Good in "Too Much Schooling," *The English Review*, March:—

"With a right system of national education we should see better manners, more general intelligence, and higher industrial and commercial qualifications. Fifty years ago, when we started this compulsory and universal 'education,' we were at the head of the nations and making further and rapid progress. We had superlative capacities for working, inventing, organizing, pioneering, colonizing, civilizing. There was belief in a fair day's work. There was real dignity of labour. There was respect for the aged. Fit men scorned public relief. To-day we stand beaten in a dozen industries. We have not the sense to organize the Empire our forefathers built up. We have let our naval supremacy go. We have no more idea of meeting foreign commercial competition than of circumventing foreign political designs. We are too indolent to build enough houses for ourselves. Our industrial output per man, notwithstanding superior appliances, is below that of our grandfathers."

Books

An Unconventional Professor

The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh (1879–1922). Edited by LADY RALEIGH. With a Preface by DAVID NICHOL SMITH, with nine illustrations. Two vols. [Methuen.] 30s.

By Vernon Rendall

HEARD at the height of his reputation, and on a festive occasion, Raleigh was yet obviously nervous, as if he could not command that attention of his audience which his towering height claimed. Lectures, unless of the free and easy kind, were often a trial to him; he was a "teacher by accident." He did not, he admits, like improving incapacity:

> No one who understands the real thing cares twopence for the dull student, except as a man and a brother. Drink with him, pray with him; but don't read with him, except for money.

He had a Stevensonian sense of magic and adventure, and he knew very well that life is a much greater thing than literature. One of the strongest influences on him was Stevenson's cousin, who was not only an art critic, but also a brilliant and speculative talker.

Mr. Nichol Smith's short memoir of this unconventional professor is just what it should be, and we can sit down to enjoy a perpetual feast of humour and free speaking. Some of it is very free, but only the dullard will groan over the impulsive talk which the letters present, with an added brilliance few correspondents can hope for. Like Stevenson, Raleigh loves slang and naturalness and little nonsense verses, likes to get to real life, and sees later that his book on *Style* is too stylish. We felt sure that he would admire Byron's advice to Moore, "Damn it, Tom! Don't be poetical," and later we found him saying:

> I like Shelley better than Byron, as a book, but if they were alive and I knew them, I know that I should take to Byron and have no patience with Shelley. . . . I could live in a tent with Byron, who was never unreal and faddy about ordinary things and was as sincere as an angel when the public was not present.

These brief appreciations are delightful, and we can easily find sympathizers with the view of Tolstoy as a "sensualist gone sour." Raleigh, thrown in early life on Extension lecturing and troubled with the labour of making a living, never went sour. In "Love's Labour's Lost," Biron, the apostle of wit and good sense, is sent to jest for a twelvemonth in a hospital. Raleigh would have found that as easy as shelling peas, and made friends with disreputable persons quite unfitted for academic society and anxious for drinks. With the freest views on most things, including religion, he hated the narrow specialism of a university and the jealousy of careful men watching for each other's mistakes. Sometimes in his own writing and lecturing he was wrong, where the plodding scholar would have insisted on being right. He took things from another, like the "one tree" in "As You Like It," which got into his *Shakespeare*, and which he does penance for amusingly in one of his letters. Characteristically he prefers Henley to Stevenson; he liked the dashing pirate better than the *poseur*. He is not fond of preaching, though a Covenanter by descent, and the nearest thing to a confession of faith is this:

> The main thing is to play one's part creditably and haughtily—even with gaiety. At such times to let lack of money or even separation really influence or subdue one seems incredible pusillanimity, and the only possible attitude is, "Let the days do what they will." Christian philosophers call this wicked pride, but I could respect no one, not even God, if I did not respect myself first.

He was denounced for flippancy and could hardly escape that charge, but how good the fun is, how devastating the *obiter dicta!* Mr. Wells "talks as if we ought to have asked his leave before we went to war." Americans "are so bright and snappy—the click without the spark."

During the war he replies to "a loathsome letter from Hall Caine, about a literary album, all gush and rant, to be given to the King of the Belgians," that "the best present to give to the King of the Belgians is Belgium." He was certain that there would be great loss of life, certain also that England would win in the end, and hopeful of a new and better world—which, perhaps, he was happy not to inhabit for long. The gains of that world, so far, are not conspicuous.

A Question of Phases*

By Franklin Sievewright Peterson

In asking his readers to view "The Empire in Eclipse," Mr. Jebb has smoked his glass rather darkly. It is true that in the very first sentence of his book he admits that "Eclipse is a temporary obscurity, interrupting an effulgence which will presently return," but he goes on to paint the obscurity so heavily that it requires a certain amount of optimism to preserve one's belief in the return of the effulgence. After all, change does not necessarily mean eclipse, and in the ruthless melting-pot of the last ten years the Empire has changed just as the world has changed. Mr. Jebb draws a patient picture of the successive efforts and the many failures to obtain a united policy in the British Commonwealth, and it is here that he has performed an invaluable service to the history of the Empire. He gives a full story of the negotiations between Britain and the Dominions in the whole cycle of crises with which Imperial diplomacy has been faced since the war, and as a record of plain fact his book is admirable. With the next Imperial Conference already looming on the horizon the chapter on the Conference as an institution is especially significant.

In his study of the eclipse Mr. Jebb swings his telescope from constitutional relations to trade policy, and here again he finds a dark sky. It is a relief to turn at last to his "principles of recovery," in which he cites the perhaps rather obvious truth that, "the general aim of our fiscal reform should be to secure the home market for those of our own manufactures which appear capable of large-scale production, and to direct our purchase of foodstuffs from foreign countries to the Dominions." So far as the problem of continuous consultation is concerned, Mr. Jebb outlines a constructive and apparently practical scheme for the establishment of a secretariat in London on a permanent basis.

His historical review of the several stages of the "eclipse" is always interesting, and his conclusions have the merit of forming a basis for useful discussion. But

* *The Empire in Eclipse.* By Richard Jebb. Chapman and Hall. 15s.

when he travels oversea to find chapter and verse for his argument, he is not always happy in his choice or even accurate in his quotation. For instance, he seems to cast the entire responsibility for Canada's reluctance to contribute towards the naval defence of the Empire on the shoulders of the French-Canadian population of Quebec, and ignores the dour opposition to naval expenditure that is found in the Middle West, where the farmer is politically as well as geographically unable to see as far as the ocean on either seaboard of the Dominion. Again, turning to Australia, Mr. Jebb speaks of the "vagaries of the three party system" as being responsible for the fall of Mr. Hughes in 1922, whereas the real cause was surely to be found in the vagaries of Mr. Hughes himself. There is a highly coloured account of the political effect of the visit of the American fleet to Australia last year in which the author says: "Over the eastward sea came those panting heralds of a rising Power, just when westward the sun had set upon Britannia, ruler of the waves." Even if one accepts the gloomy view that an eclipse and a sunset have arrived simultaneously, it seems curious that, when the same heralds came panting over the same sea in 1908, their appearance did not alter the fact that in the following year the Commonwealth committed itself to infinitely the greatest contribution to Imperial naval defence yet made by a Dominion.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS OF SAMUEL PEPYS, IN THE POSSESSION OF J. PEPYS COCKERELL. Edited by J. R. TANNER. Two vols. Bell. 36s.

WHAT Wheatley did for the text of Pepys's "Diary," Dr. Tanner, of St. John's College, Cambridge, has done for his private correspondence. Much of the collection is now printed for the first time: what appeared in the first issue of the "Diary" is now freed from the Bowdlerization of its first editor, and the whole is presented with a competent introduction, useful notes, and an adequate index.

The correspondence opens with an interchange of letters between Pepys and his patron James, Duke of York: "Whether I will or noe, a Papist I must be, because favoured by your Royall Highness," writes the Clerk of the King's Ships in the days of the Popish Plot; and, sure enough, a month later, he is in the Tower. He recovers from this unmerited disgrace and becomes Secretary of the Admiralty, under James II, the King, but is again found in duress after the fall of that monarch, a

curious account of whose "going from Whitehall," in the hand of his nephew, is among Pepys's papers. Thenceforth he appears as a private man, corresponding with his friends on private matters, or with his nephew and heir making the grand tour at his uncle's expense. It is from this latter, John Jackson, that we have an account of the diarist's death in the second year of Queen Anne.

A very attractive feature of these volumes is the record they contain of the intercourse between Pepys and John Evelyn, also remembered for his "Diary." They had a common interest in the Navy, on the history of which Pepys planned, but did not carry out, an extensive work, for which Evelyn lent materials. They also exchanged ideas on literary and artistic subjects, upon the employment of old age as a preparation for death, and, of course, the decadence of the times. Both also were collectors. Pepys accumulated not only books and prints, but title pages, frontispieces, and even "copy-books." He was especially keen upon "heads" of famous or notorious characters.

But if Pepys's correspondence with Evelyn has the greatest amount of human interest, it by no means stands alone. He had a strong feeling for Dr. Wallis, Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford, whose portrait (by Kneller) in the Bodleian he commissioned. It was acknowledged by the University with a highly complimentary Latin diploma, in which Pepys's services to "Britain's wooden walls" were commemorated. It was on Pepys's recommendation that Humphrey Wanley was appointed to inspect coins, medals, and MSS. at the Bodleian; and the scheme which he examined and approved for a new method of teaching mathematics, constitutes, according to Dr. Tanner, "an episode of extraordinary interest in the history of education."

Pepys had an insatiable curiosity on all manner of subjects. He corresponded on second sight with Lord Reay, and Hickes the non-juring bishop; with Newton on the doctrine of chances, upon which he had been "on the very brink of a wager £10 deep"; and on currency, ancient and modern, with Sir Peter Pett. He discussed prophecy with Bishop Lloyd; investigated handwriting; and attempted to put in order the affairs of Christ's Hospital. If the letters of nephew Jackson give, as the editor remarks, an impression of the eighteenth century, uncle Pepys is scarcely, on his side, a Chesterfield. Pepys was "liquorish after news," and is eager for his young friend to collect information, but he does not concern himself about his improvement otherwise. The correspondence shows that, after he had left official life, he had by no means lost interest in politics, and especially in naval affairs. The list of persons who were to receive rings and mourning at his death, including, as it does, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, scholars such as Bentley and Aldrich, Admiralty officials, and peers, is an indication of the extent of Pepys's acquaintance.

THINGS THAT HAVE INTERESTED ME. Third Series. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

THIS book is recent journalism, and so will be familiar to some. However, the public of to-day has not much of a memory, and Mr. Bennett's articles are shrewd and provocative. He "lives eagerly," and

confesses to exaggeration. He can talk freely of a book he has never read. One of his greatest interests is shopping, on which he grows almost lyrical, but he selects benevolence as the soundest of human delights. On the present state of the theatre he is admirably outspoken, and readers should enjoy the account of the downright methods by which he secured the existence of the Hammersmith Lyric, a lesson in courageous management to the average West End theatre. The public taste, says Mr. Bennett, has improved, though managers don't know it; but the drama, as a money-making business for writers, is overrated. We can well believe it. He says that the stage has never recovered from the blow given to it by Oliver Cromwell. Why omit Jeremy Collier, a much more important adversary? His objection to girls used as attractive dummies at the front of shops is notable. He writes about "Journalese," and begins his book with the weed "In connection with." The Puritans had an Oriental conception of subjecting women—that is a reasonable statement—but Mr. Bennett is weak on their history. He writes of "the Puritans, whose greatest hero was Oliver Cromwell, and who, when Cromwell was no more, sailed off to America in search of religious freedom, and, without knowing it, began to create what is now the United States."

Apart from the Virginia Company of 1608, the first permanent establishment in America, the landing of the first Puritan settlers took place in 1620. Both these dates belong to the reign of James I. We read that "indoor games rarely enslave the player." Has Mr. Bennett never seen the chess maniac? Millionaires are "invariably realists; they see things and people as things and people are." They know and use men, we should prefer to say, for their own purposes, and that is all. What millionaire ever said a memorable thing? There is a world of thought outside money, shops, and society, and Mr. Bennett was, as the last article shows, one of the chosen spirits asked to explain the right religion to a vast public. He is now, in fact, promoted to the position of universal expert, and from that point of view has serious limitations.

FEMININE REMINISCENCES

REMINISCENCES. By MRS. J. COMYNS-CARR. Edited by EVE ADAM. With 24 illustrations. Hutchinson. 21s.

THE FLURRIED YEARS. By VIOLET HUNT. With 16 illustrations. Hurst and Blackett. 18s.

COMYNS-CARR was, in his day, one of the best after-dinner speakers in London, and a busy worker in art and the theatre. This is the *milieu* his widow talks of chiefly here, with tales of Irving, Ellen Terry, Sargent, and Burne-Jones. The book revels in well-known names and some trivialities. Who cares to know that Sir Edmund Gosse was no hand with a tennis racquet, or that Alfred Harmsworth was once a "quiet and simple young man?" Readers have already seen a good deal about Watts-Dunton and Swinburne. It is curious to learn that Morley, as reader, advised against the publication of "The House of The Wolf," the beginning of many good historical novels. The description of Dickens's

note-book of hints for use is interesting. Toole was the great exponent of the Victorian taste for practical jokes, but it belonged also, we learn, to Meredith.

There is a good deal about dress, which the author designed for the stage with success and originality. One "crinkly effect" in early days was procured by boiling material in a potato steamer! The ladies of to-day may wonder at the restrictions and horrors of past fashion. Comyns-Carr was always kindly and humorous, and this book is pleasant, if not distinguished—full of kindly sentiment and regard for old friends.

"Few characters," wrote Johnson, "can bear the microscopick scrutiny of wit quickened by anger; and perhaps the best advice to authors would be that they should keep out of the way of one another." If every one is going to state in print his or her hard case, and criticize freely the persons involved, life will not be easy. Violet Hunt's account of "The Flurried Years," 1908–1914, is bitter and brilliant, a remarkable piece of writing. The detail and colour of past days are wonderfully reproduced, and writers like Henry James are hit off with subtle trenchancy. On the facts which lie behind this moving drama the book is rather vague, and indeed, casual in arrangement. Genius is not, we hope and believe, so selfish and self-absorbed as the writer would make it, generalizing from her own poignant experience, nor is it a "state permanently bordering on frenzy." But the prevalence of nerves explains much. We know that Conrad, who flits round the beginnings of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, was intensely nervous and anxious not to spoil his work by unfortunate encounters, though his admirer does not say so; and others are equally afflicted. There is some beautiful writing at the end about W. H. Hudson, who is treated with a hero-worship not easy to an acute and unconventional mind. Some of the comments on the chief person of the drama make us uncomfortable; it is all so intimate and devastating. One notable fact is that the writer was deeply tried by the care of her mother, to which she stuck splendidly in spite of abuse and misconception. She begins in a mood of hopeless pessimism, but it is clear that she enjoys a fight. Against what she says about "the uncalled-for curse of existence" we can put a passage about women with a *scène quelconque à faire*. Who said that "the wealth of Helen of Troy, as well as her beauty, figures in the Iliad whenever she is mentioned"? Both details are wrong.

J. R.

FICTION

WHIPPED CREAM. By GEOFFREY MOSS. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

ON opening this book we thought that it belonged to the risky and asterisky class; but, though Major Moss allows himself sensuous details, his asterisks are devoted to illustrating the staggering discontinuities of English thought and conversation. This realism is developed to a tedious extent. But the talk and descriptions of scenery are well done, when not overdone.

The story is concerned with the fortunes of a little, spoilt wanton, who is seen by her husband, an incoherent General, in circumstances justifying a divorce. She can plead heredity in a weak, immoral artist

of a father, but we wonder that her friend, a girl who has no use for man's love, can stick to her for so long. Major Moss is very clever at hitting off the fads and follies of the day. But what a set of smart folks! Wild motoring, silly games, cocktails, and gramophones for dancing every evening, a blaze of heetic and slangy repartee, and the wanton showing off with too few clothes! Are these people really typical? Major Moss has distinct gifts as a novelist, but they might be more happily employed.

THE CANON. By A. C. BENSON. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

MR. BENSON'S last book is very much what one would desire from him, *obiter dicta*. That is to say, it is more of a morality than a novel. The story continues, it is true, one begun in "The House of Menerdul," and is, like that novel, full of the dignified charm of the gentle life in Cornwall. But the basic idea seems to be the exposition of three aspects of the religious mind, which may be fairly said to represent the kingdom, the power, and the glory of God. The Canon (Mr. Cuthbert, now Cuthbert-Davenant), with his nearly comic formalism concealing an almost mad self-dramatization, passionately represents the first of these attributes of the Deity; and Lord Helford, with his inflexible political righteousness, the second, whilst the semi-pagan Molly, nicely balanced between the love of both men, and living for the development of her fine spirit through love more and more sublimated and expressed, gives us a glimpse of the divine glory in her enchaining influence. The story is nearly all talk, but most unusual and penetrating talk, between Molly and her circle of lovers, male and female; she is the mainspring and heart of the book, whilst in the picture of the Canon one seems to find a respectful lampoon of some priestly conventions. In any case this is a book of high company and human graces.

CREIGHTON THE ADMIRABLE. By KENNETH ASHLEY. Lane. 7s. 6d.

IF you like episodes that have the thrill of reality built into the story of a hero whose brilliancy at work, games, and scholarship is redeemed by a sensitive, poetical diffidence, you will find Mr. Ashley's novel as remarkable and as interesting as it is surprisingly mature for a first attempt. Creighton Ingleton, in spite of his good looks, his public schools' boxing championship, his Oxford cricket blue, and his skill as a surgeon, has the unhappy knack of doing the right thing in the wrong way—a human weakness which makes him likeable as well as admirable. He performs a brilliant operation only to let his patient die by forgetfulness, and then, abandoning his career, becomes a navvy, a prizefighter, a professional cricketer, an interpreter of ancient documents, and a too modest lover. Each of these occupations leads naturally out of the previous one, and each supplies a picture alive with reality and dramatic force. Indeed, his soul's intrusions rather bore one at moments, because, good as Mr. Ashley's analyses of emotion are, he is, when he gets down to brass tacks, a writer of such swift actuality that the reader craves for more and more of the exciting set scenes. This is not a perfectly balanced book, but it shows a wide range of experience of men and things and real power in presenting them.